

Upsets Down Under

Australia parties on

.....
How Canada
fails its Olympic
athletes

Canada's Karen Cockburn,
bronze medallist in trampoline





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What's really going on in Sydney

In addition to 15-hour days travelling to and from Olympic events in Sydney last week, Maclean's reporter Andrew Phillips and James Deacon—along with Photo Editor Peter Bregg—made time for the daily to-were, ridiculous as, be clear, because they talked about their challenges, the joy of coming up with gold-medallist Simon Whinfeld from Victoria and, well, one of the under-reported aspects of the Games—sex in the city. *Europe*

It was a bit surprising to see Simon Whinfeld in the main press center at Sydney Olympic Park. Just hours before, Whinfeld had won the first-ever men's Olympic marathon and he was being ushered to a news conference. In street clothes, he looked less imposing than the man who had just conquered the world's best. But you could tell by looking at him that he had put down something really good.

Just outside the door to the amphitheatre, he stopped to examine a display of famous photographs taken at past Olympics. The shot that grabbed him was of Canadian sprinter Ben Johnson, in perfect form, arms churning, legs pumping, exploding into the lead, *swishing* into the now-infamous 100-m Olympic final at Seoul in 1988. Canada's first gold medallist at the 2000 Summer Games reached up and touched the photograph of the man who won—and then lost because of a positive drug test. "I remember where I was that day," Whinfeld said. "It was incredible to watch—I was so psyched. Then, the next day..." The sentence went unfinished, the moment passed and Whinfeld turned away to do his duty as the world press. (Deacon)



Deacon interviews winners Emma Radford (above, left) and Terrie Lake; Canadians from Solar (108) in a 3-4 water polo loss to Australia, *bedroom?*

Sydney's Ryde Aquatic Centre isn't the easiest place to get to, located as it is far away from the main Olympic venues in the city's northern suburbs. But night after night, a sizable contingent of male swimmers voluntarily makes it way to Ryde to watch... women's water polo. This, of course, is hardly a unique Olympic pastime. So what accounts for their dedication? Women's water polo, Maclean's learned, has quickly fired the enthusiasm of certain journalists.

In part, say our sources, it has to do with the tendency of the players to attack each other beneath the water, and test their opponent's early stretched suits to shards. Shockingly, many of these admirably muscled women emerge from the pool displaying much

more than they were showing when they went in.

In fact, the water polo phenomenon is just one example of what quite a few people have noticed: there may be the most Games ever. Men and more female swimmers are emerging from the pool in full waterproof trunks, and the lycra outfit are getting skimpier and skimpier.

It isn't just men ogling women, however. At the main pool this week, a young Australian woman was obviously transfixed by the male swimmers emerging from the water and peeling their body suits down well below their navel as they lined up to do post-race interviews.

The athletes themselves don't seem to mind, after all, they're the ones wearing the suits and putting on the makeup. And there are signs that some of them find the Games less than stimulating. At the Olympic Village, where most athletes are staying, organizers made available some 12,500 condoms for 10,700 athletes. By the middle of the first week, that supply had already disappeared. (Phillips)

Also, space does not permit exploring the acerbic Deacon on the Olympics as a hardship assignment for journalists. But you can find it on the Web at www.macleans.ca.

Robert Léveillé

ropeuse@macleans.ca to comment on *From the Editor*

Two benefits of having more sex: it's good for your heart. And you get to



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Heroic additions

Congratulations on your "Canadians who inspired the world" (Cover, Sept. 4), but let us not forget those who contributed to our great flying heritage. As a youth, I was inspired by Douglas McCurdy's first powered flight in 1909, and by First World War aviator Don MacLean, who had more than twice the victories in the same time frame as leading U.S. ace Eddie Rickenbacker. We remember Charles Lindbergh, but have we forgotten Errol Boyd, first to conquer the North Atlantic outside the quiet summer season, which proved that year-round air service was possible?

Barry Smyth, Morris

Another very practical Canadian invention is the egg carton ("Making their marks," Sept. 4). It was invented

and patented by a resident of Smithers, B.C., Joseph L. Coyle, in 1911. Besides being an inventor, Coyle was one of the first newspapermen in the early pioneering days of northern British Columbia. Although Coyle and his family were able to live comfortably on the proceeds of his inventions, they were never wealthy. It seems that some sharp businessmen and their even sharper lawyers made much more of the Coyle Safety Egg Carton than did its inventor!

Harry Kovalchuk, Smithers, B.C.

Not one of these outstanding Canadians has effected my 83 years one iota compared with Neddy McCraig and company. I can remember when women did not have a vote, could not have a credit rating, were discouraged in seeking education, and—the ultimate degradation—were not considered to be persons. Now, I raised army daughters and granddaughters, who all have several university degrees, brilliant careers and enjoy many freedoms!

Bill Smyth, Morris

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Sophie Pet Barker, Victoria

Historical perspective

As a former history teacher at both the high-school and college levels in Alberta, I agree there is a need to introduce history courses in schools ("Recommending the history books," Coyle/Education, Sept. 4), so long as it is not水手. We push the Frederick Bantings and the Paul Hendersons because they support an image of Canada we are trying to create. Not only is that dishonest history, it is dull and devoid of motivation for further study. At any good journalist knows, a suitable story always has two sides. Do we tell our students about the Oshawa meeting of the Ku Klux Klan in Alberta in the 1930s? That a major meeting of the Klan in Alberta was "racial purity" before Adolf Hitler exposed it in Germany? That Klan organizer R. C. Steele wrote in 1929 "You don't need the Klan here. You have the Orange Lodge"? Or that in June, 1939, Canada emphatically denied entry to the St. Louis, carrying more than 900 Jewish refugees from Germany? The five questions in "Teasing Canadians" about Carter, CPs, insulin, Henderson and the Red River all imply the purpose of studying history is to memorize our great moments. Perhaps the purpose should be to analyze our incomplete record as human beings and in truth a desire to correct our errors.

Bill Kowalski, Stettler, Alta.

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As an immigrant and recent citizen, it often strikes me how many Canadians do not realize just how good it is in this country. Without a knowledge of geography and current affairs, it is difficult to appreciate that Canada is the best country in the world. But without a knowledge of history, it is impossible to understand how Canada became the best country. There is the danger. Without an understanding of how Canada became what it is, how can we, and our children after us, hope to keep Canada at the top of the world?

Keith Astley, Port McMurray, Alta.



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Edited by Anthony Wilson-Smith
with Shanaa Durrani

Over and Under Achievers

We love ya, Joe!

It's always nice. Lloyd says bye-bye! Joe on a high! Stock what a gag! Americans, hands dry! And Paul, urgh, urgh, urgh!

• **Lloyd Axworthy:** Retiring on a high note as well-reputed foreign affairs minister. But the Winnipeg construction bar will never be the same without his clout on federal funding.

• **Joe Clark:** Gets standing ovation from four other parties as he leaves House



Awesomely, bowing out with a flourish

of Commons. Too bad his Tories don't feel as warmly.

◆ **The Ottawa press gallery:** Is talking because Stéphane Dion will take part in a noisy, rude, pushy scrum. Their uncool way of life is at stake.

◆ **These dirty Yanks:** New study says only six of 10 Americans wash their hands when using public restrooms. The other four don't want to bother. Their germs last longer.

◆ **BCE/CN/Global and Mail merger:** Hailed as good business move because of its "synergy." Coming soon: Lloyd

Robertson says Globemedia should do well even over the phone.

◆ **Paul Martin:** Tells bank CEOs to put off merger talks until after an election, so Libs won't have to discuss key policy issues during a campaign. Hey, kids, how do you spell *p-a-u-l-m-a-r-t-i-n*?

Overheard

Will you get lucky, Pierre?

Now that Lloyd Axworthy has confirmed his decision to leave federal politics, the big question in Ottawa is who will replace him in the much-coveted foreign affairs portfolio. The frontrunner is also considered to be the person who most wants it—Pierre Pettigrew, formerly international trade minister. In a pre-election environment, the Liberals desperately want to build support in Quebec—and Pettigrew, along with Paul Martin, is the only non-English non-Francophone to have consistently popular among moderate nationalists as well as staunch federalists. A cabinet promotion along these lines would be received by mem-

bers of the provincial Liberal party where French has deep roots. He's also exceptionally well qualified for the job. Finally bilingual, with a master's degree from Oxford, Pettigrew has worked as an international business consultant, once advised Pierre Trudeau on foreign policy and was previously a junior minister in charge of international co-operation and francophone relations. The only potential pitfall, readers may ask, is if Jean Chrétien were to convince a heavyweight such as Bob Rae, Ray Bernier or Frank McKenna to step in, and one of them were to want the job. Another argument in Pettigrew's favour: the feds could be acknowledging some when he moves to Ottawa, which he already has a pied-à-terre.

Border Watch

Canada often suffers from the country's ethnic diversity—but may probably don't realize that the trend of mass immigrants coming from outside Great Britain and the United States actually began about 90 years ago. That was when such groups as the Bolsheviks and Jewish refugees from Russia, and Hungarians, Germans and Germans began arriving. For the next 10 years or so, most immigrants still came from Britain or Europe. The big change came in 1921, when the trend of "nation of origin"—including Jews and Hungarians—was replaced from Canada's immigration policy, forever altering the racial makeup of the country. The Statistics Canada chart below shows how the birthplace of Canadian immigrants have changed over the last century.



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Trend Watch

Get etiquette

So long T-shirts—hello shirt and tie. The casual office dress code may be ending as ambitious careers switch back to more formal wear. Companies, says Jane

Lewena Beyer and Karen Molter offer a similar program for conservative students. The pair, who have extensive experience in hospitality-related professions such as corporate training, human resources and logistics, are releasing a three-book series on business etiquette. The first installment, *Power Suits*, *Power Lunches*, *Power Parties*, introduces such basics as handshakes, eye contact and non-verbal communication. The pair strongly suggest workers respect one another's privacy. "More and more people take advantage of other people's things these days," says Beyer. "Think twice about people's personal space."

All their expenses for technology such as cellphones, e-mail and voice mail have led to a reduced social wardrobe. "Things I would have accepted five years ago, I won't accept now," says Beyer. "You're made people at the front desk of a hotel to the voice-mail message." Others obviously agree—politely, of course.

Derek Chau



Keep a
book on
etiquette

More than 100 people attended seminars offering tips on how to conduct themselves at office and workplace functions.

Meanwhile, at the University of Manitoba, etiquette guru

Overhites

"Mr Speaker, I see why they call this Question Period and not Answer Period."

—Stockwell Day comments on a lengthy, largely fact-free response by Jean Charest to his previous question

"No one could fail to be affected. I don't expect that will last, but it was very striking."

—Joe Clark on the outburst he received from all parties, after making his return to the House of Commons

"It is a pleasure to welcome a warmer with whom I've often fought but whom I respect enormously."

—The PM warmly welcomes Clark back to the House of Commons

"He will soon discover we do things a little differently here on dry land. There are no life jackets in the House of Commons."

—The PM extends a less-warm welcome to Day

It's CanLit Time—in Somalia

Building a library in Somalia is no easy task. In fact, there is only one—in the desert city of Hargeysa. That makes it even more surprising to discover the Canadian flag displayed on one wall, above shelves of old books and magazines. Muhad Yusuf Hormud, the library's founder and benefactor, came to Canada in 1986, and, he says, worked with the Ontario government until he was laid off in 1995. He decided to put his separation pay to work for his impoverished west African homeland. "I thought I'd make a difference," said Muhad, "by bringing books." He placed ads in Canadian newspapers asking people to donate used books. The response: nearly 5,000 books, enough to fill 200 boxes. By the time he shipped them home and opened his library, he had spent \$17,000.

The library, open six days a week, has seating for 45. But close to 80 people regularly show up, so those who can't find seats sit on the floor while they read. Muhad hopes to eventually circulate the books in the community and, with as many partners, to expand. "So," said Muhad, "we will be coming to Canada to get more books."

Tony Pennell

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Overture

PASSAGES

Retired: Montreal Canadiens Team McCloskey, 26, who was hurt in the throat by a puck in January, was forced to end his one-year NHL career. Although doctors repaired his fractured larynx and restored his speech, McCloskey's air passage has been reduced by nearly 15 per cent. During a pre-season game against Boston, McCloskey found it difficult to stay on the ice for more than 15 seconds at a time. A right-winger from Swift Current, Sask., McCloskey began his career in Ottawa and played for Boston before being picked up by the Canadiens in 1998. He will receive his \$350,000 (U.S.) salary this year, along with \$231,000 in disability benefits.



Died: Jean-Yves Dufresne, 70, was an energetic political journalist who wrote for almost every major French and English newspaper in Quebec during his nearly five-decade career. He also worked as a radio and television broadcaster and was René Lévesque's secretary for a brief time in 1960. Dufresne was once editor of *Le Magazine Montréal* (now *l'Estendard*). In 1990, he joined *Le Journal de Montréal* and remained there until his retirement four years ago. Dufresne died after cardiac arrest in a Montréal hospital.

Died: Millionaire Ben Dixon, 61, owned a Vancouver radio station and professional sports teams. The businessman was known for his 1995 purchase of NRS Black Box Reality Ltd., a 40-year-old Vancouver-based company. The business was failing, and rather than saving it, Dixon dissolved it by laying off staff and closing offices. The company filed for bankruptcy a year later, angering creditors. Dixon, who lived part-time in Mexico, died there in an automobile accident.

Died: British television personality Pauline Yates, 43, hosted the Channel Four music show *70s Tube* and host *The Big Breakfast*.

where she interviewed celebrities in bed. But Yates was best known for her relationships with two rock stars. She was named for 18 years to Bob Geldof, organizer of the Ethiopia relief effort Live Aid. They had three children. Yates left Geldof in 1995 for Michael Hutchence, lead singer of the Australian group INXS. In 1997, soon after the birth of their daughter, Heavenly Heaven Tiger Lily, Hutchence was found hanged in a hotel room; his death was ruled a suicide. Last week, four-year-old Tiger Lily found her mother dead in bed. An inquest has been opened. Geldof, who already has custody of his children with Yates, has temporarily taken in Tiger Lily.

Separated: Rocker Melissa Etheridge, 39, and her partner, film director Julie Cypher, 36, announced they are ending their relationship after 12 years. The two, Hollywood's longest-lasting high-profile lesbian couple, have a three-year-old daughter and one-year-old son, both conceived by artificial insemination and carried by Cypher.

Resigning: Former Manitoba premier Gary Filmon, 56, ended a 25-year career in public office by resigning his legislature seat. Filmon, premier for 11 years, gave up the leadership of the Progressive Conservatives after his party was defeated by Gary Doer's New Democrats in fall. An engraver and businessman, he will return to the private sector as a consultant and company director.

Died: Former Progressive Conservative senator Jacques Flynn, 85, served as an elected justice minister during the party's 1979 tenure in power under Joe Clark. By virtue of that post, Flynn acted as prime minister for a week, while Clark was on Africa and then-House Leader Walter Baker was on holiday. Flynn, a Quebec City native, first went to Ottawa as an MP under John Diefenbaker in 1958, served as deputy Speaker and minister of mines and geological surveys, and was defeated in 1962. He served under Clark in his unofficial Quebec legislature. A lawyer by training, he died in a Montréal hospital last week.

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COMPASSION

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Anthony Wilson-Smith

Would we lie to you?

A couple of weeks ago, Brian Mulroney was about to make a speech in Montreal when he spied Michel C. Anger, political columnist for the Quebec newspaper chain, *Le Presse*, by the way, is not to be confused with Michel Anger, the fellow *Journal de Montréal* writer who was recently shot in a failed assassination attempt.) "I better make sure I clap louder than anyone else," joked Anger, in a reference to Mulroney's position as a director of Québecor. "For chance of that," replied a grinning Mulroney—scuffling the number of times Anger has whacked him in print over the years.

On the one hand, that exchange between Mulroney and Anger was amiable—and in normal circumstances, immediately forgivable. But in an era of media convergence and mega-entities, it represents precisely the concern that keeps conspiracy theorists working overtime. When journalists report on their bosses, or on companies related to their owners, how much is that likely to affect their coverage?

In the specific case of an independent sort like Anger, the answer is not at all. But overall, the power is not as clear. You'd damned either way when you cover your own company. If you write too favourably, you're written off as a house tick. If you're critical, you may be writing off your career, depending upon how prickly your bosses are. What do you do if you are John Allerton, TV critic at *The Globe and Mail*, and you're really *hate* CTV's fall lineup? Pending federal approval, BCE is about to own both the *Globe* and CTV. Or what if you're a consumer affairs reporter at CTV dealing with complaints about the Bell telephone or Sympatico online services that BCE runs? Or when someone's a TV critic for the *Hollinger* newspaper chain, now that it's been bought by the Angers, who also run the Global TV network? And how at *Markon*, our owners, Roger Communications, runs a huge cable and high-speed Internet access service, as well as partnering with AT&T on phone service.

The point under consideration should carefully consider both the quality of information they're receiving—and who they're receiving it from. It's an easy one to say that journalists write without fear or favour on all issues—and it's nonsense. Look at the truly weird ways in which the *Globe* and its arch-rival the *National Post* report on each other's doings. The issue is not so much what is written in columns or editorial pages, where it is understood the writer is expressing an opinion. In fact, some of the most balanced comment on recent media goings-on has come from columnists like Eric Reguly and Matthew Iannetti at the *Globe*, and Matthew Fraser at the *Post*. But readers should be wary of reporters carrying favour with their trustees by writing commentaries that managerialize news. A piece in the Sept. 16 *Post* that was not a column and not

slugged as an analysis piece, included such sweeping asides as an observation that "critics agreed that synergies were more likely from a coupling like CanWest-Hollinger than from a merger of a telephone company with a newspaper operator." Gee, guess which company the *Post* is owned by. In fact, CanWest is a TV network that bought some newspapers, while BCE just added a newspaper alongside its TV network. As kids say, same difference.

When newspapers slug each other, it's tedious and inaccurate, but there is no real harm done to anyone else; their conflict of interest is obvious. It's a bigger problem when the links or rivalries may be more hidden—in the *Post* writing about BCE, or the *Globe* persisting on Rogers' phone services. The *Post* isn't always overt. Any experienced reporter knows how to slip in "weasel" words or phrases that point a subject in a certain way without saying so directly. If you are profiling a CEO and want to make nice, you might describe him physically as "a bear of a man whose imposing stature reflects the manner in which he dominates a room." Or if you think he is a jerk, you might focus on the manner in which "his manner poutches over his lip, and his entire weight causes him to preen profusely." Either way, same guy.

It is very seldom the people at the top who practice or promote bias or self-censorship. Ken Thomson was famous for staying far away from the *Globe* newroom. Ted Rogers has seldom set foot inside *Markon* editorial offices. Ingrid and Leonard Anger at *Global* are far more interested in the bottom line than the editorial line. Diane Phane-Karl Pelletier, CEO of Québecor. The flamboyant exception is Conrad Black, who expresses his views to anyone who asks, and has never pretended to hide them.

More often than not, it's the middle-managers and corner clerks among reporters and editors who are at the root of journalistic evil: they hear their bosses cough, and whip that interpretation of that into a hurricane by the time it has the newroom. The irony is that the bosses of competing companies are often a lot more sympathetic towards their rivals than the people who work for them. The CEOs know that today's rival is tomorrow's ally, and vice-versa. At the wedding of Mulroney's daughter, Caroline, recently, Rogers and Mulroney—both instant guests—assisted to win just past differences and discuss future partnerships. Conrad Black is another. If you're concerned about media bias, cast blame the CEOs who are usually entirely stuck on building business and profits. The fact that same reporters and editors treat the news to advance themselves and none there are now just more opportunities than ever. The truth unit party—and a left, and a right, and so on, along the way it's presented in the media.



Barbara Amiel

Russia's muddled future

It's been 12 years since I last visited Moscow. Now opposite Lenin's tomb on Red Square, the glam GUM shop, once communism's only department store, has been replaced by an arcade of posh boutiques purchased by Oleg of one end and Boris of the other. The sound of goose steps on the square's cobblestones has gone as the soldiers guarding Lenin's mausoleum lounge in the sunburned sunlight. The charabancs are full with the lissome figures of young men and women. They seemed to be a wedding on every other corner, brides in huge white souffle dresses. Perhaps the Russian need for authentication, so often mentioned upon, that made Soviet communism into the state religion, has been replaced by March-madrigal spouse of the people.

Men's men like contrast look grey and beaten. Still, the Russian women look gorgeous and not just the "good one" ones hanging about the hotel. Ordinary women in their short skirts, groomed hair and faces catching the eye of every foreigner in town. I suppose it's a familiar phenomenon when a country is defeated in war or reduced economically, the men are diminished while a woman's appearance becomes a commodity the pleasure to the conquerors.

As Russia stumbles towards a post-communist model, the West may be focusing on the wrong question. Perhaps we ought to be asking not how closely their institutions will match our ideals, but how well the system they develop will work for them. Initially, when the Russians, led by Boris Yeltsin, pulled down the hammer and axed from the Kremlin in December 1991, they undermined free enterprise to mean free theft. Everyone took whatever they could from the state and laid their hands on anything available, from material goods to influence. One of Yeltsin's greatest contributions was to acknowledge that it would be impossible to put Russians on trial for either their role in the bankruptcy of the former regime or their complicity in the unwilling post-communist era. After more than 70 years of communism, virtually everyone was corrupt. But who now?

The West's concern with a free press in Russia is important, but not as simple as it may seem. After communism, the government cheerfully gave out some 6,500 licenses for radio and TV stations that operate alongside more than two dozen national newspapers. There simply isn't enough money to keep all of them profitable. So, they have fallen back on old habits. If you write a good story writers well, you pay the journalist. One translator, who works for a highly reputable American venture-capital firm, told me that he had read a completely unusual story about one of his French investments. When he called the journalist to complain, the writer replied that he had been paid \$5,000 to do the story. "Give me

me \$5,000," he explained, "and I'll tell your side." The next day the same writer published a story totally reversing what he had said before. This is neither a Russian tradition nor an invention of communism. "Revolution journalism," as it was known, evolved in Eastern Europe at the turn of the century. In today's Wild West Russia, the tradition has been upheld with a vengeance. It reflects a society in which civic virtues are either absent or at least diffuse.

The basic for Russia's soul is now between such men as Boris Berezovsky, probably the greatest industrialist or "oligarch" in today's Russia, owner of a major TV station as well as oil, auto and other interests, and the government of President Vladimir Putin. Putin himself is difficult to read. He may not be a great democrat, but that may not be what Russia wants or needs at this point. Rather, what has squashing of the upper chamber of the duma and of Russia's regional governors was masterful and surely necessary to give the central government more power.

I met Berezovsky last week in New York City where he seemed to be on a public relations tour. Fluent in English, somewhat if expensively dressed, B.B. seemed neither all bad nor, certainly, all good. His apartment door has been booby-trapped, his driver decapitated when a car blew up next to him and his private plane unsuccessfully burnt into flames while he was onboard. As well, B.B. is using *Forbes* magazine for a 1996 article alleging him to be complicit in a murder. He was a strong proponent of Putin, but now speaks in tongues about him. He claims to oppose Putin's economic reforms, but dislikes his attempts to get individuals like himself to annex some of their riches to Russia, and, understandably, he especially dislikes Putin's attempts to clamp down on the press. Last month, Berezovsky summed up 49 percent of his credit shares to his journalists "on loan" to stabilize Putin.

I put my hopes on men such as Putin's impressive economics adviser Andrei Illarionov. His aims are modest but ambitious. As he likes to point out, Russia lost 50 percent of its gross national product when its empire dissolved. It lost 44 percent of the remaining GNP somewhere in the ether—most likely in the Swiss bank accounts of Russian politicians misappropriating as informants but essentially using the notion of free enterprise as a cover for pure theft. "In five to 10 years," Illarionov said a recent name, "I am hopeful and cautiously confident that Russia will have a believable legal system, a tolerable level of honesty in government, a gross national product larger than Canada's and a standard of living at least as great as the lower end of the European Union countries such as Portugal."

That is an admirable aim, but it will require the turning of men like B.B. and his cat with nine lives—plus.

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Under the sway of a militant arm, Burnt Church refuses to give in to Ottawa

By John DeMont in Burnt Church

James Ward believes in the Way of the Warrior. He has according to a code that blends the precepts of the Japanese samurai with American military philosophy and the traditional ways of his Mi'kmaq people. "Honour," he says, "is having the moral strength to do what is just at all times, regardless of the consequences." That creed helped make him a sergeant in the U.S. army. Trying to live up to his rigid convictions, he believes, also subconsciously drove him to try to commit suicide when he shot himself in the head in 1992 as his marriage collapsed and his military career spiraled in shambles. But more than anything, that personal code explains why Ward, who is now blind in his right eye after the self-inflicted fatal wound, was at his post in Burnt Church, N.B., last week—hair braided into a Mohawk plume, powerful body encased in tony furskins—wearing his department of fisheries and oceans uniform to arm

Ward, who holds no elected band position, has emerged as the leader of Burnt Church's militant arm. That makes the 31-year-old a big reason his people refuse to budge as Ottawa will in the come stand-off over native lobster fishing in Mi'kmaq Bay. For a brief moment last week, it looked as though the conflict was over. But that was before a deal that federal mediator Bob Rae, a former NDP premier of Ontario, had brokered collapsed in confusion, anger, disappointment—and gunfire. Wilber Deelan, the Burnt Church chief, insisted his people were willing to compromise, and that Ottawa has been unyielding since mediation began on



Sept. 12. But the federal government had run out of patience. With non-native fishermen threatening to take justice into their own hands, on Sept. 21, federal Fisheries Minister Herb Dhaliwal gave natives 25 hours to pull their lobster traps—which he considers illegal—or see the RCMP and DFO swoop down and seize them. "The time has come when I can no longer accept promises in place of action," Dhaliwal said. "I cannot negotiate at the expense of conservation, of fairness or of social order."

The natives refused to budge. Rather, they actually struck ahead of the deadline, pulling more than 100 traps be-

On the shore of Mi'kmaq Bay, Ward (below) is seen with other native protesters.

fore dawn the next morning. And the RCMP reported that a non-native fishing boat was hit by a bullet fired from another vessel sometime in the early-morning hours on Friday (No one was hurt.) On Saturday, three non-natives were arrested after shot were fired in the water off the reserve just after 2 a.m. The Mounties detained the three men as they docked in nearby Nagasac an hour later, confiscating two rifles and a shotgun. In Vancouver, natives occupied Dhaliwal's constituency office, vowing to stay until the minister resigns.

Those protesters came despite pleas from leaders on both sides to stick to nonviolent means of protest. Maurice Theriault, a spokesman for the Maritime Fisherman's Union, said the three men were acting on their own. Meanwhile, band leaders urged their members to stay alive in protest, chant and burn sweepingly rather than risk confrontation on the water. And on Sunday, DFO officials removed 800 traps without incident.

There may be some readers willing, for the sake of peace, to surrender a right they feel the Supreme Court of Canada confirmed a year ago. But they were not among the Warriors—from Burnt Church and reserves throughout Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba and British Columbia—parading the shoreline. "I'd do to protest what is rightfully ours," said Shawna Francis, a 19-year-old Grade 12 student who was aboard a native fishing boat when it collided with a DFO vessel last month.

Activists have hardened in Burnt Church. The reserve drew in fire in the week after the September 1995 Supreme Court ruling in the Donald Marshall case that native Canadian Mi'kmaq and Maliseet could eat a "moderate livelihood" from hunting, fishing and gathering. When they dropped their traps, the natives intended to prove a point, and bring a measure of prosperity to the 800-reserve. But a year of dispute with Ottawa and confrontation with non-native fishermen has made some members of the band unwilling to budge. "Each time a boat is rammed or somebody gets arrested, our determination to fight on just grows," says Blas Baribeau, a band councilor, who has repeatedly had his traps cut by fisheries officials.

And throughout the stand-off, Ward, with his reflexive views and in-your-face style, has been Ottawa's worst nightmare. He has been everywhere, monitoring the band's strategy for setting traps and shooting federal officers, heading up security, and emerging as the band's media spokesperson. The father of fear—who considers his

nationally Mi'kmaq even though he holds American citizenship—he has been Mated, arrested, and, he says, minned by a DFO Zodiac while lowering traps into the water.

Truth is, Ward has always been down to the colour field. He was born in Worcester, Mass., but spent most of his early years shuttling between his father's home there and Burnt Church, his mother's birthplace, where he lived with his uncle. After high school, he joined the U.S. army, and five years later was heading a four-man team specially trained to drop behind enemy lines and gather intelligence. Then, he says, his wife accused him of abusing her. When she threatened to leave with their two children, something snapped. "I had the equivalent of a blackout. I don't remember exactly what happened," he recalled. "Between the anger and the dizziness, that is when I picked up my pistol, said to her 'Here it is,' and put it to my head and pulled the trigger."

Ward, who nearly died in the ambulance, was in hospital for 10 weeks recuperating, and the resulting loss of vision ended his military career. So he headed to Fredericton where he enrolled in the University of New Brunswick, completing a Bachelor of arts degree in 1998. He wrote a thesis on aboriginal self-determination reflecting his belief that natives should not be treated fairly in Canada and they could negotiate with Ottawa on a nation-to-nation basis.

He began in the native-rights war zone that same year when native loggers in New Brunswick defiantly cut down trees to prove a court ruling that they had no right to log on native lands. Ward acted as security adviser for Noah Augustine, an emerging aboriginal leader, who was found not guilty of murder in a high-profile trial last year—and who last week warned the Burnt Church band against violent confrontation.

When the Burnt Church conflict arose, Ward was ready, in his words "to lead the leadership warroom." But he is not the only person advising to the Warriors' code. Reasons to feel good have always been in short supply in Burnt Church, where the unemployment rate reaches 90 per cent and the small cemetery is filled with the graves of the young who fell victim to drugs, alcohol and suicide. "Now, children see their fathers going out to fight for their rights and the rights of future generations, and everybody feels happy," says Len Baribeau, a band drug counselor who has been fishing for lobster since the Marshall decision a year ago. "It is empowering." And that can inspire a person to standup against even the most overwhelming odds. ■



A new Day dawning

Image is everything as Alliance's leader arrives in Ottawa

By John Geddes in Ottawa

Ask a Parliament Hill veteran about Question Period—politician, political aide or reporter—and chances are eyes will roll. Question Period is easy to dismiss. It's empty theatre, right? All those cynical non-questions and glib non-answers. All that shouting from the backbenches. And the media coverage—nothing but the 30-second sound bite makes it. Correction. Make that 10 seconds. So when the MPs returned to Ottawa from their summer vacations last week, along with two party leaders fresh from by-election victories, the Conservatives' Joe Clark and the Alliance's Stockwell Day, House Speaker Gib Parton spoke for many when he got things started with a grandiloquent "Let the posse begin." Day echoed that tone in his first exchange with Prime Minister Jean Chrétien by resorting to the old line about saying "why they call this Question Period and not answer period."

Yet there it is, 45 minutes of political prime time at the heart of the day's parliamentary business. Even in a week crammed with substance—including Finance Minister Paul Martin's revelation that Ottawa posted a massive \$12.3-billion surplus in the 1999-2000 fiscal year, \$9.3 billion more than he had predicted in his February's budget—Q&A style personified the capital last week. Political insiders, overwrought by rumours of a fall election call, viewed the daily skirmish in the Commons as a series of warm-up bouts for the campaign trail. So Day arrived last week with a mix of proper respect for Q&A tradition—but also a willingness to test its boundaries.



Day viewing the daily Commons skirmish as a series of campaign warm-ups

His lead-off questions followed a tried-and-true pattern, according to the day's news, namely about gas prices and taxes. Once in the chamber, though, he glorified by outstepping the time-honoured rule in sermons in favour of what he professed would be daily post-Q&A news conferences in a unilateral basement

briefing room. Chretien quickly labelled Day's chosen venue "the white collar."

Liberals MPs duly chuckled, but some nonpartisan experts thought Day might be on to something. The sermons are a valuable vehicle for crafting an image. When a politician is on a roll, there is an energy in the House foyer



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that can occasionally make for good TV. But screening is hardly the way to become prime ministerial—a misfortune Day has now accomplished so far as to be taken seriously by many voters. Day is, after all, most identified so far with his sweat-and-surf photo-ops, tailoring slacking or swapping up in a news conference on a noisy Wine Barner (Note to Alliance tacticians: the cottage-owner vote may be alienated beyond salvaging.)

The little room where Day plans to hold court after every QP is a more sedate setting. He stands at a podium with the Canadian and provincial flags lined up behind him. There is none of the neck-cracking, pointing feel of a serum. "It looks like coherent public-policy discussion," said Linda Peck, a consultant with the media-training firm Barry McLoughlin Associates Inc. "He faces the camera square-on. He looks right through the reporters and into people's houses."

That sort of thumbs-up response is unsettling for Liberal strategists now pondering election timing. Sure, Day looked a little off-kilter once, but that seemed appropriate for a rookie. Certainly, there is no sign that he will fight against the flow of QP the way the Alliance's predecessor, the Reform party, did after its 1993 election breakthrough. Determined to be different, Reform eschewed such venting as leader, Preston Manning, behind the front row and letting lesser lights pose the first question. Those queues often ignored the day's events and stuck doggedly to Reform's core concern: at a result, unfamiliar MPs asking about bottom-of-mind issues like Reform from recessions and front pages Manning soon reverted to more customary strategy.

An outsider forced to embrace Reform on QP terms after the 1997 election, former CBC journalist Denis Radnich says Day shows a firm grasp of QP basics. "Ask a question on the news of the day. Ask your toughest question first. Ask one with a who, what, when and why element, so maybe reporters will repeat your question instead of going into the serum and asking their own." Do all that right and what does it



Chretien: commanding an election call

get you? Radnich argues the payoff comes less by making a direct impression on voters, than by influencing opinion-makers. "QP is where reporters gain the impressions they filter back to readers and viewers," he observes.

Jonas Ross, a Queen's University political studies professor and author of a recent book on political advertising, agrees that between election campaigns, a good QP appears to be gone. ■

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Clothes can make the politician

Words like "insipid," "happened" and "fringed" popped up in one acknowledged expert's analysis of the Quebec Period faceoff between Jean Chretien and Stockwell Day. And unlike other parties, Harry Rosen, Canada's most famous haberdasher, could have the most trouble dressing QP and still come to his conclusions.

In fact, his assistant videotaped the session for the boy Rosen, 66, to peruse later at the request of Maribel. It was not pleasant viewing. Rosen, who oversees a countrywide chain of upscale men's wear stores, displayed the scars both Chretien and Day wore. He did not like that, not. Most of all, and most painfully for a man with his cultivated sense of the colour palette, he disapproved strenuously of the matched white shirts on the Prime Minister and the leader of the Opposition. "They could be wearing little man-size checks that are handkerchief and neck, stripes, and all manner of colour," Rosen argued. "But they are frightened of them. White is safe—and insipid—in my view."

The master tailor is disappointed that the stolid Day often resorts to the "wedding-like" combination of a sombre suit and shiny tie when he isn't in work gear. "He could make much more of what he's got physically," Rosen observed, wondering if Day's ideological conservatism is reflected in his dress sense. Chretien's cautious not and savvy sans, often double-breasted, also fell short of Rosen's standards. "Why not go there? You can age and still project a progressive attitude, which he doesn't," Rosen says. "To me, the way Chretien dresses is insipid."

Where might Chretien and Day look for mutual enlightenment? Ben suggests Bill Clinton, who updated presidential style by eschewing Brooks Brothers stodginess in favour of Donor Karen soft shoulders. Or, closer to home, how about Gilles Duceppe? Septuagint he may be, but Rosen says the Bloc Quebecois leader looks "very well put together."

J.G.

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Dosanjh despite his personal popularity, his party roads closed

Canada

In need of a booster shot

The B.C. New Democrats may be on life-support

By Chris Wood in Vancouver

For a few hours, it looked like one of the most remarkable revivals in Canadian politics—indeed history. Rebounding from Ottawa bearing a scap for \$3 billion in federal transfers for British Columbia's ailing health system, Premier Ujjal Dosanjh summoned the legislature in Victoria to a rare one-day session to approve a further \$290 million in immediate relief. The double dose of spending apparently persuaded the B.C. portion of the New Democratic Party's political health—dimmed for months by most observers as being on life-support—was on the mend. Promising to start "cutting cheques" the very next day, Dosanjh sold reporters the government.

Good enough, in fact, that he might even call an election. "It could," he hazed, "be my time."

It could. But within days, speculation about a fall vote at British Columbia faded, driven out by devastating new data from the political equivalent of a diagnostic lab. Vancouver-based Angus Reid Group released a poll indicating Dosanjh's party was not only in third place but had lost ground since he took over last February. According to Reid, only 19 per cent of decided voters now back the NDP—lower than half the 48 per cent who say they would vote for its main opposition, the B.C. Liberals. Meanwhile, hopes for the health-care system relapsed as more doctors walked away from their consulting rooms in rural centres and the govern-

ment scuttled odds planned for this weekend with the British Columbia Medical Association.

But if his party's return to robust health still seems far off, Dosanjh's buoyant mood may not be entirely misplaced. Since taking over in Canada's third most populous province, the 53-year-old premier has put a cap on the self-inflicted political wounds that claimed his predecessor, Glen Clark. His personal popularity (at 59 per cent, according to Reid), leads that of the Liberals' Gordon Campbell by nine points. If Dosanjh's private goal is something less than a third NDP term—something closer, say, to preserving his party's abomination, as some pundits have been predicting—then he may even have reason to hope.

He does, at least, have a plan. Enthusiastically for the NDP, however, it was the party's political opponents who disclosed a bit more. Campbell's Liberals handed out to reporters what they said was the governing party's redaction strategy. A spokesman for the New Democrats subsequently confirmed the leaked document was genuine. It revealed a two-part playbook for winning the election Dosanjh meant to call by next June. One theme would build on Dosanjh's personal popularity, casting him as more trustworthy than Campbell and a clear break from Clark and the party's first eight years in office. The rest of the NDP strategy is aimed at reconstituting its coalition of support from labour, environmentalists, women and multicultural groups. In past elections, they have delivered an invaluable core of more than 30 per cent of ballot cast in the province. These groups can now expect bonus points from Victoria: union-friendly changes to the labour code, more parks, an "inclusive roundtable" for women and cash grants for ethnic community projects.

Meanwhile, Dosanjh appears to be counting on the emergency injection of more than a quarter of a billion dollars to tranquillize the province's ailing health-care system until new federal funds begin to flow next April. In combination with earlier doses of provincial



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The promise of a \$40-million cheque for rural physicians did little to lessen the hostility they feel for Victoria

funding, the health sums should more than eliminate what hospital administrators had worried was a looming \$300-million system-wide operating deficit for the current fiscal year. "We're very pleased with the new funding arrangement," says Larry Odegard, CEO of the Health Association of B.C., which represents the directors of most of the province's health regions, hospitals and other health-care facilities. "There is real new value going into the system when this money flows."

Even so, the doctors had established a steering committee to oversee the merger, and the deal was set to be finalized in mid-September, "says a family spokesman. "The deal is done, and the financial agreements are nearly

On the other hand, Savoie conceded, Doaragh has a shot at salvaging something from his strategy. The B.C. economy is expected to grow by about three per cent this year. If it continues to pick up, and the premier can avoid any fresh political disaster, or eruptions of示威 (protests) continue into the actions of his predecessor, Clark, Savoie thinks the NDP "might become a solid opposition" after the next election.

University of Victoria, pointed in emeritus Norman Raff, however, sees a darker message for Douglas in Saville numbers. "There's an assumption that NDFP will baffle back," he says, based on the party's historic, loyal "flow" of a third of the B.C. voters. "The NDFP vote may have shifted significantly downward," he says, "but the party could be headed for a near-death experience. Campbell's Liberals could sweep as many as 72 of the 79 seats in the legislature. "We're looking at an alternative vote," says Raff. "It's a measure where finishing a candidate's name might be good to look 'very, very good' indeed."

Spreading alone is unlikely an endur-

Douglas so many times. Collier says: "The government argues it can cut a cheque without incurring an immediate draft, since what it claims is a second successive surplus provincial budget. But the party made the same claim in the two previous election books—claims later found to be false. And other demands on the chequing account have come to be rejected. Motorists paying the British Columbia Ferry Corporation south of Vancouver have been stonied roundly by the sight of something like a geyserboat heaved onto the wharf. In fact, it is only a whale that has been stranded by the high tide. The phase being practised from the distance while it awaits a buyer. Because the tap is the last of three high-speed ferries built at a cost of \$463 million and all promptly put up for sale at an expected deep discount. "Any government trying to repeat for a third time what it did the first two times is going to have difficulties," observes Angus Reid political Daniel Moore. "Douglas is fighting against two main issues that were troubled from the word go and never resolved".

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Paul Bernardo's appeal is turned down

The Supreme Court denied Paul Bernardo's leave to appeal his convictions for the murders of schoolgirls Kristen French and Leslie Mahaffy. Bernardo claims ex-wife Rita Horwitz is responsible. She is serving a 22-year manslaughter sentence. Photographs from 1995 show her with fellow inmate Christine Sherry, who was convicted for helping her girls to be used as sex slaves.

Fuel protests keep the pressure on

Angered by soaring fuel prices and high gas taxes, about 1,800 independent truckers in Ontario initiated a protest. The provincial government had hoped shipping companies that charge their customers rates when fuel price rise would voluntarily pass on some of the money to the drivers to help them cope with soaring operating costs. But last week the province and the industry failed to reach an agreement on passing on the surcharges. As a result, truckers continued their protests by parking their rigs at the side of highways—and the threat of a total blockade of Ontario highways loomed large.

The strategy was similar to the one that brought parts of Europe to a halt during the past few weeks. And on each side of the Atlantic, the scenario for growing tensions, as well as truckers, a break in prices were the

same: oil rises, offer subsidies or increase the fuel supply. Before leaving Canada for a Group of Seven meeting in Prague, Finance Minister Paul Martin said he was working on a federal-provincial deal. But Martin, who also planned to push for action at the G-7 meeting, disclosed to us whether the federal government is ready to act on its own. In Washington, the U.S. energy department announced it will release 30 million barrels of oil from the government's emergency stockpile of about 591 million barrels.



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The language wars rage on. A shadowy anti-English organization, La Brigade d'autodéfense du français (the French-language Self-Defense Brigade), claimed responsibility for attempted arson at a Montreal church where anglophone activists were scheduled to meet. The BAF had previously said it was responsible for a series of other incidents, including spray-painting stores. Quebec's language police was further inflamed last week when the province's French-language watchdog, the Conseil de la langue française, said that companies with English-language registered trademark names cannot be forced to use French versions in Quebec. International law protects the use of such names, the language board told the provincial government, which had asked it to examine the issue in 1998.

Whither Romanow?

It was a week of rumours surrounding Saskatchewan Premier Roy Romanow. First came intensifying speculation that the wily New Democrat would be stepping down after 29 years as an elected politician. Then came word that Romanow might seek a federal Liberal nomination for the next election. At week's end, an unapologetic Romanow had no announcement on his future in store.

No early release for Ludwig

The National Parole Board ruled against giving Wielo Ludwig early parole. Ludwig, convicted last April of five charges relating to vandalism in the Alberta oilpatch and sentenced to 28 months in jail, would have been eligible for day parole in late October. But the parole board said Ludwig was likely to engage in further criminal acts.

Screening for AIDS

Immigration Minister Elinor Carleton said Ottawa intends to implement a policy requiring prospective immigrants to be screened for HIV and hepatitis B. Spokesmen for HIV/AIDS groups called the plan discriminatory. But, the immigration minister responded, "the priority must always be what is in the public-health interests of Canadians."

Axworthy retires from federal politics

Foreign Affairs Minister Lloyd Axworthy, who has represented Winnipeg South Centre since 1979, announced he will not run in the next election. The 60-year-old politician, whose left-leaning policies have been attacked by conservative critics, was instrumental in negotiating the global landmines treaty, which was signed in 1997 by 89 nations. A university professor before entering politics, Axworthy will remain as foreign minister until a Liberal cabinet



successor, expected sometime this fall, will then become head of the Liu Centre for Global Issues, a think tank at the University of British Columbia. He said he also hopes to write

a book on solving global problems.

Tory Leader Joe Clark, erstwhile liaison to Brian Mulroney's government, urged Axworthy to step down immediately: "Canada can't have a lame duck foreign minister," Clark said. "If he is going to leave, he should leave." Axworthy, noting the defection from Clark's Conservatives to other parties, responded: "I guess you better ask him who's the lame duck." The Liberals are hoping to have a big-name candidate to replace him in his riding.



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Canadians won a handful of medals, but the team's disappointments made it clear the country needs a better-financed sport system

Upsets Down Under

By James Deacon in Sydney

It was a non-stop sprint, unleashed in the heat of the moment, but it hit the mark. Sprinter Bevyn Sutin had just run in an emphatically slow first heat in the men's 100 metres on the track at Southern Australia. His 10.41 seconds left him in fourth place in the heat, and only the top three finishers were guaranteed advancement to the next round. There was a buzz in the stadium—the 1999 silver medallist in the world championships was in danger of not making the second of four 100-m stages. As it turned out, he did progress, edging out another runner for the last place in the field by a microscopic four one-thousandths of a second. Sutin didn't know that when he crossed the finish line, though—he assumed he'd won a silver at Olympic glory. Visibly upset when he left the track, he vowed off reporters on his way to the athletes' change room. But as he passed the Canadian press corps, thickets of unreturned microphones and tape recorders, he couldn't help himself: "Not good," he barked. "Not good at all."

Good thing misery loves company. In a tough week for Canada at the Summer Games, Sutin's angry outburst, though directed at his own performance, could have applied to the results of any number of his high-ranking teammates. Every country has athletes who fall short of pre-Games hopes—Australia's "Madame Butterfly," Swift O'Neill, didn't win her specialty, Rossana bat-

terfoured Russia for the first time in the preliminary team competition. But Canada's disappointment was something else. Medal favourite Carol Mongomery crashed in the cycling portion of the triathlon. Defending Olympic 100-m champion Donovan Bailey was knocked out by a virus, and Sutin succeeded in a hammering pull. Manon Lampron and Joanné Malar swam career-best times, but not fast enough to win medals. Three-time world champion Alison Synder finished fifth in mountain biking, and Tanya Dubus suffered a forearm on the cycling track. The women's water-polo team saw their medal hopes sink, and rower Derek Potter came up a fraction of a second short of bronze. When the team dried, there was Canada, one week into the Games, with just six medals—and not happy about it.



Bailey falling behind; Tigray (below left), and Cockburn on the podium; Mylès making waves (opposite); physical ability is only part of the Olympic medal equation—the great impediment to the athletes' ability to compete is money



Canadian Olympians sent home a message from the Summer Games last week, and the message is that they can no longer be expected to compete on the world stage. It's not that they are physically incapable. Gold-medal-winning triathlete Simon Whitfield, silver-medallist Nicolas Giff in judo, and bronze-winner Karen Cockburn and Macduie Tigray in triathlon, Carrie Mylès in swimming and the gangly women's rowing eight all testify to the talent in Canada. And there are great hopes this week for paddlers Canadian Blaauw and Karen Buzzaard, wrestler Daniel Igoh and gymnast Alexander Jeljekov, among others.

The problem for Canadian competitors is that physical ability is only part of the gold-medal equation. The gear is important to the athlete's ability to compete in racing. Whether a better-organized, better-financed sport system, they have little hope of keeping up with the rest of the world. National sport federations in the United States, France, Britain, the Netherlands and Australia, among others, outspend Canada by wide margins. Those countries' athletes get more training time, more full-time coaching, the latest in facilities, bigger travel budgets, greater access to sports psychologists and physiotherapists—

whoever helps their performance. By comparison, in the last 10 years, Canadian competition saw the already modest support programs slashed by Ottawa's deficit-fighting efforts in the 1990s. As a result, Canadians can no longer expect their team to map the same number of medals as past teams. "We had those big cans," said Al Monroe, the women's head rowing coach, "and things like that come back to haunt you."

Despite Mongomery's woes on the very first day, the Canadians started well. Whitfield won, cycled and ran to a stunning upset in the men's triathlon on Day 2, and when swimmer Mylès, from Calgary, won bronze the next night in the 400-m individual medley, all seemed well. But then hopes began to drown in the pool and on the rowing course. Mylès didn't even qualify for the final of the 200-m IM, an event in which he won bronze in 1996. Lampron of Fredericton, silver-medallist in the 200-m IM in Atlanta, swam a personal best in the final heat, yet finished just off the podium. Swimmer Malar of Hanshaw recovered some career-best times only to place seventh and fifth in the 400- and 200-m medleys.

At the regatta centre in Penrith, in the west of Sydney, the





'Win or not,' said Denis Coderre, 'those kids are great ambassadors for our country'

gloom began to set in immediately after reigning world pair champions Eraina Robinson and Theresa Luke finished third in their preliminary heat and had to qualify for the final through a repechage. Suddenly rowing, Canada's go-a-go in 1992 and 1996, looked shaky. It was after a week of hard racing, only three of nine Canadian entries—Luke and Reiterer, single-sculler Fraser and the women's eight—advanced to the medal finals. And only the women's eight finished better than fourth, leaving the team with one medal after winning six at the 1996 Olympic regatta. Robinson and Luke, part of that eight team, were plainly unhappy with their earlier result. "I feel disappointed," Robinson said, "that I didn't take the opportunity that other crews took to get quicker this year." But asked what, in fact, the other crews were doing, Luke said, "Who knows? They don't tell us."

The regatta fell on the track, too. Trying to compete despite a vicious flu bug, Stanley simply ran out of gas. He ran with ripples after the heat, but looked sick and was visibly upset that his competitor never really got started. "It's my last time to be going to the Olympics," he said gruffly. "I guess I'll have to reflect on that." Soraia, meanwhile, aggravated a recent hamstring pull in the first heat, but continued to run because it might be her Games, too. "I went for it," the Montrealer said. "I didn't want any regrets."

Some critics suggest Canadian athletes underperformed because they didn't have the will-all-can-do determination to reach the heights, or they were too happy just to be there. That theory, however, ignores the fact that many competitors succeed in personal tests or sex, social and Commonwealth records. There is no doubtting Coderre's determination to win, and no one who saw Porter or Lepage after their respective fourth-place finishes could reasonably suggest they were just happy to be there. Four years of training, diet-watching and penny-pinching on an athlete's income just to get one step short of the gold! "It really sucks," Lepage mumbled when asked to sum up his feelings about being capped far below the 200-m. IM by a mere 12 one-hundredths of a second.



PHOTO: GUY LAWRENCE

Turns voice cracking, saw from the results sheet that he'd rowed a great race. That was no consolation. "Fourth is a tough place to be," he said. "Really tough."

The man's biggest critical cheerleader, Denis Coderre, the energetic secretary of state for sport, and he knew from talking to athletes, coaches and administrators that a decline in team performance was inevitable. String in his hand lobbied last week in full red-and-white team regalia, Coderre promised that he is on the way. From his meetings with all partners, he has catalogued human ills about the largely uncoordinated athlete-developer system in Canada. To often ignore, he is holding a federal conference on sport next February. From that, he hopes a more efficient and unified sport system, supported by new legislation, will emerge.

Earlier this year, Coderre boasted the monthly stipends paid to national squad athletes and handed out an additional \$3 million to woefully underfunded coaches. But he knew that new commitments still don't resolve what was taken away in the 1990s, let alone cover cost-of-living increases in the late 10 years. And he couldn't help but see the connection between Australia's remarkable medal haul and its vastly superior historical commitment to sport. Canada—a nation of 31 million—spends \$56 million a year to fund everything from kids soccer to elite Olympians, while Australia—a nation of 19 million—hands out an enormous

gold-battling a Japanese team on the way to silver "you have to focus on your own event!"

The women's eight, after the team's troubles at the lake, a gutsy performance

\$280 million. Coderre would argue Ottawa was prepared to ante up again, but he did present the dilemma that things would get better—and soon. "Win or not, these kids are great ambassadors for our country," he said. "So medals or not, I am going to be there for them."

His constituents will be watching. It's no secret that athletes and coaches want more money in their pockets. They want a system that will give them the same chance to win at international competition as their peers have. "We're not on a level playing field with the rest of the world, especially Australia," says Milne, a three-time Olympian. "It's not Canada No. 1 concern, but if you expect gold medals, you've got to back it up with money." Canadian Olympic Association president Bill Warren agrees. "I think we have to ask ourselves whether we have a priority for amateur sport, and if we do, then we have to do more for it," Warren told *Maclean's*. "And if we don't have a priority for amateur sport, we're going to have to be content with medals that are disappearing."

One controversial proposal would see Sport Canada offer cash incentives to athletes who won medals. Italy does it and has seen an medal count rise. Australia rewards medalists, too. Coderre is dubious, saying he does not want to incentive anything that might increase the incentive for seven members to take performance-enhancing drugs. But Canadian swim coach Dave Johnson says he has seen the impact incentives have had on the performance of other teams. He also sees the value in offering a reward for veteran athletes to stay in their sports, which in turn is a boon to younger competitors. "If we can keep some of those great swimmers in the program," Johnson said after hearing heats at the Aquatic Centre, "then we can create all sorts of positive downstream effects that benefit the whole system."



That just might convince Emaers, for one, to carry on. Though sad to leave the pool without a medal, the 27-year-old still had a solid meet. Seeing the sunrise after a morning swim, she said she would consider staying for another couple of years—but only under certain conditions. "Obviously, I'd do it only if I was still enjoying swimming," she says. "And I want to feel like I am still getting better, and that I still have a chance to win." Then, as an afterthought, she adds, "Without drugs." That comment and volunteers. With 17 world records falling in one meet, there were inevitably positive whispers about how certain swimmers were suddenly running in record times.

The world's disappointment was mitigated by top performances by newcomers in new sports as well as by Olympic gold, the Montrealer who captured bronze in pole in 1992, understood the importance of his silver medal. Fresh off a downhanded outfit, "You can't think too much about it because you have to focus on your own event," he explained. "But of course, I know it would be nice if there were more Canadians winning medals." In trampoline, making its Olympic debut, the medals for Cockburn and Targett also gave their country's sport a bounce. In fact, Targett, a York University student who trains with— and dances—Cockburn, and her brother is what inspired him to his surprise medal, "I did my best routine," he said. "This is why more than I could ever imagine."

Other Canadians—Bruneau, Igoh and company—are as strong contenders this week. And there are always dark horses coming through. If Sam and Bailey get healthy, then the Canadians might just dominate their Olympic 4 x 100-m sprint relay team. Of course, that is a big "if." "Tell you right now," Sam said after dropping out of the 100, "the way I feel, it will take a miracle for me to be able to make the relay." Given everything that happened last week, even a small miracle would be welcome. ■

ROWING: PRACTICALLY GOING DOWN

for life

The spending gap in sports

CANADA

Population: 31 million

National sports centres: 8

Total budget: \$7

Total budget:

\$3.4 million

Total government spending on

Olympic sports:

\$2.9 million

Certified athletes monthly allowances:

\$1,085 to \$2,020

Medal reward scheme:

Gold \$12,125; Silver, \$6,085;

Bronze, \$4,045

(no such program exists in Canada)

Dynamic medals program:

Gold Silver Bronze Total

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Australia Parties On

While the world's athletes strutted their stuff, the hosts celebrated their 'no worries' Games—and their medal haul

By Andrew Phillips in Sydney

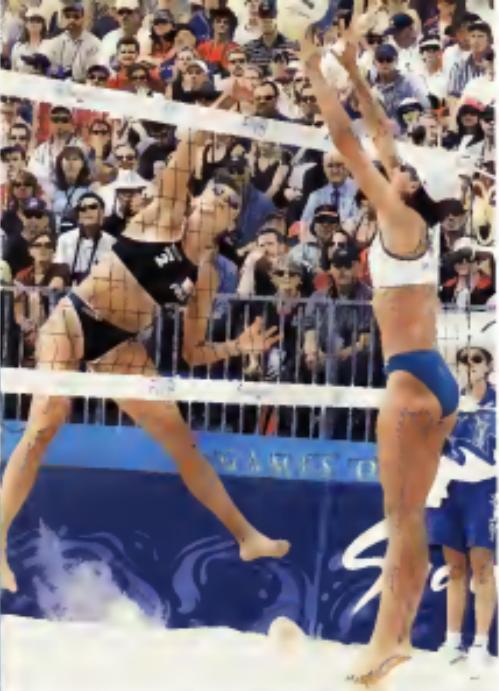
The centre of the action in Sydney last week was Olympic Park, the sprawling complex of stadiums and arenas where hundreds of athletes swam, ran, jumped and threw their way through the first week of the Summer Games. But its emotional heart was 15 km to the east in a downtown plaza called Martin Place. Night after night, thousands of Australians packed the square, swelling in a perpetual party fuelled by copious quantities of Foster's lager and a magadash of national pride. And just as things perked, the home team was turning in a stellar performance. Again and again, the skyscrapers of Sydney echoed with the tribal cry of "Aussie! Aussie! Oi! Oi!"

Off CN indeed. For a country that means sport as the closer thing to a national religion, simply hosting the Olympics would be reason enough to party in the streets. Pulling them off with a numerator of five and a denominator of good feeling would be ample cause for collective congratulations. But to do all that while watching Australia's athletes harvest a bumper crop of medals (39) in the first week of competition, putting the nation of just 19 million third behind the United States and China? was heaven itself. "We pulled it off, didn't we?" beamed Leo Spedes, a 77-year-old Sydneylander amidst the crowd in Martin Place. "Nobody can say we're just a nation of long-noses and kookaburras."

These were—at least at the midway point—Australia's "no worries" Games. Pretty much everything worked, in conspicuous contrast to the chaos in Atlanta four years



Local hero Thorpe (left), France and Australia dug it out at Bondi Beach. It is a country that treats sport as the closest thing to a national religion, the Olympics become a national obsession, with people taking off work to watch the games



earlier. The headlines out of Sydney were not about transportation woes or terrorist attacks; they were actually about athletes doing what they do best. About showboat American swimmer Maritza Correia blitzing the men's 100-m sprint in 9.87 seconds, while Maritza Jonet of the United States dominated the women's 100-m in 10.75 seconds. About a score of Chinese gymnasts finally striking gold, and the U.S. Dream Team—despite a scare from the Lithuanians—crushing women's basketball supremacy. About a dramatic exit from the Games by the French runner Marc-Jose Perez, who unaccountably fled Sydney for Singapore and left the field clear for a distance auteur gold in the women's 400-m in this week by her archrival, Australia's Cathy Freeman. And, of course, the

Games were about a bevy of tanned, bare bodies playing volleyball on the sands of lovely Bondi Beach to the sound of chaotic Bondi Boys tunes.

For the hometown crowd, however, they started right off with a classic display of raw talent in one of the posh Olympic sports—swimming. For eight straight nights, Olympic and winter pools filled and Sydney's 17,500-seat Aquatic Centre roared as Australian, Dutch and American swimmers dominated what may have been the most expensive group of athletes ever assembled in one pool. Australians venerate their champion swimmers the way Canadians honour the best hockey players, and right after eight they had a chance to host their own.

It started early, when their 17-year-old swimming star, Ian Thorpe, took gold in the 400-m freestyle, then led his country's 4 x 100-m relay team to victory—all the more because they defeated an American team that had never been beaten. In less than an hour, two gold medals and two world records. "The Thorps" was universally elevated to the status of national icons, his face plastered on billboards promising a bank and a watch company, the subject of gushing newspaper articles like the one that ran in Sydney's *Daily Telegraph* under the headline: "How to raise a boy as nice as Ian Thorpe."

Two nights later, Thorpe was under tremendous pressure to repeat his success when he competed in the 200-m freestyle. Instead, suffering from a sore throat and headaches after his earlier effort, he had to settle for silver just behind another Dutch sensation Pieter van den Hoogenband, who equalled his own world record in the event. But the young Australian did win a third gold as part of his country's 4 x 200-m freestyle relay team—which set yet another world mark.

Another Dutch swimmer captured imagination—and medals—as well. Inge de Bruijn, the heavily muscled, 27-year-old powerhouse,

Some of the fast times in the pool raised inevitable suspicions that the results might be tainted by illegal performance-enhancing drugs



Jones (right), dominating the women's 100 m in 10.75 seconds

brake her own world record to take the gold in the 100-m butterfly, then set yet another record and won the 100-m butterfly race—her 10th world-record time since May. Aaran case took home the share of the swimming medals, as well—as in all—with backstroke specialist Lenay Knyaztseva capturing two golds. In all, 17 world records were broken, making the Sydney swimming competition one of the fastest ever.

It was so fast, in fact, that suspicions were raised that the results might be tainted by illegal performance-enhancing drugs. Women's swimming, in particular, has long been plagued by cheating among East Germans and Chinese athletes. More recently, Michelle Smith of Ireland, who won three gold medals in Atlanta, was suspended for doping. No one publicly accused last week's winners in Sydney of breaking the rules, but an American official came close. Richard Quide, coach of the U.S. women's squad, raised the issue after one of his stars, Jenny Thompson, had to settle for bronze behind de Boop. "I absolutely do not think this is a drug-free Olympic Games," said Quide. "Look at the depth of many of the fields. A lot of great athletes are not in the finals and not medaling." The Dutch response, from coach Jacco Verhaeren, "I think it's a little bit of jealousy."

In a few other sports, illegal drug use was no tu-

more. Two Romanian weightlifters were suspended after they came up positive for banned substances in tests conducted before the Games. A Bulgarian weightlifter, Ivan Ivanov, won silver but then tested positive for a banned drug, diureticose, which is used to lose weight. He was stripped of his medal and it was awarded instead to the Chinese competitor he had edged out. Then two more Bulgarian weightlifters were found to have used the same drug; they lost their medals and that whole team was tossed out of the Games. The flurry of ousted athletes, officials insisted, was not a sign of *massive* drug use but proof that they were better at detecting cheaters. "The controls are working well," said Francois Carrard, the IOC's director-general.

The deepest atmosphere surrounding the Games, however, could not be denied by a handful of doping charges. If there was a place to use the uniquely Australian flavour of Sydney's Olympics, it had to be Bondi Beach, the magnificent stretch of sand barely 15 minutes from the downtown skyscrapers. It was there the beach volleyball tournament was playing out, with the ocean glistening between the sand and a display of tanned flesh unashamed anywhere else in 2000—at least legally. On days when the women's team went at it, Sydney's side-paparazzi filed the sand to shoot the like young players in their abominable bikinis. Whenever a sheet went up inside the stadium, the locals loafing on the beach outside applauded as well; it hardly mattered that they had no idea what was going on.

For Australians, the Olympics became a national obsession. While all other eyes got caught up in the Games, Sydney seemed to take that to a new level. Almost 30 per cent of Olympic tickets were sold, eclipsing the previous record of 8.2 per cent in Innsbruck in 1976. So many people called in sick



Victorine de Bruyn, the Dutch powerhouse, captured imagination—and two gold medals



Maya Lin (left), Ontario Premier Mike Harris, Alan Cheechoo. China's time?

or took extended breaks from work to watch the Games on TV that one industry association estimated that 10 per cent of businesses in the state of New South Wales had to shut down.

For once, aussie news was bushwhacked to the back page of the newspapers. Two criminals escaped from a prison near Olympic Park and hijacked a van containing four Olympic officials and volunteers—and the escapee barely registered as a minor gaffe itself over its debuting five-pointed pentagon polo and trampolining. "Amazing days, indeed," wrote John Hadley, a columnist in *The Sydney Morning Herald*. "Sorry, world, your call is important to us but right now Australia is in a razzmatazz."

And then there was "Eric the Tat," who stoked imaginations much as the hapless de

Toronto's uphill Olympic battle

To all the other sports on display at the Sydney Games, add the new discipline of squat-shouldered selling. Representatives of the five cities in the running for the 2008 Summer Olympics were all over town last week, trying to convince the world in general and the International Olympic Committee in particular that they have the perfect spot for the Games. But Toronto, which is maozenging a new stadium, quickly learned it will be an uphill battle. Everywhere its team raised its flag in Sydney, they were asked the same question: *Until Beijing the inevitable choice?*

The problem for Toronto is the

widespread perception that this is

China's time. Beijing was passed over in 1993, when Sydney got the nod, largely because memories of the Tiananmen Square massacre were still fresh. Seven years later, China has built up its

political image, while Beijing has built more of the hotels, roads, phone lines and satellite-TV links needed for a modern Olympic. In addition, it would be highly symbolic for the capital of the biggest developing nation to be honoured with such a prestigious event. Beijing, concedes John Brose, who heads the Toronto bid, "nobody knows where the bar is" in

Toronto does have one hope: the popularity of another Chinese political crackdown that might sour the world again on Beijing. The IOC is to make a decision by the end of July 2001.

A.B.



Frances Price (left) in Singapore; mystery novelist Jasper Eddie (The Eagle) Edwards did at the 1988 Calgary Winter Games. The Tel was the instant nickname for Eric Massarutto, a 22-year-old from Ecuador. Guitas who learned to swim in January and barely made it through his 100-m heat, splashing and falling. Halfway through, he said later, he was afraid he might drown, but soon officials were seen gaiting ready to save him. But he finally made it in 1 minute, 52.73—more than double the time of the fastest swim in the event—and emerged from the pool to thunderous cheer. By the next day, he had a contract with the company that makes Speedo's bathing suits, and was touring Sydney as a newly minted celebrity. Every Olympics needs heroes—if all kinds. ■

Stealing the Spotlight

Eric Lamaze walks into his Toronto lawyer's boardroom looking wan and tired. Amidst the onslaught of probing questions on his drug use and expulsion from the Canadian Olympic equestrian team, the 32-year-old rider speaks calmly—even as he rocks restlessly in a chair. He never once admits he is at fault; he merely says "it's time to move on." He's trying. Two days later, he competes again, not on the world stage but in the relative obscurity of the Tournament of Champions in Cedar Valley, Ont., an event that raises funds for the Children's Wish Foundation of Canada. "I cannot think of a better way to begin my new life than to raise money for children with dreams," Lamaze said, smiling. "Only time and me proving myself will tell things."

Lamaze has a long way to go to discharge the negative public perception of him: a two-time loser who, having been kicked off the team for cocaine use before the Atlanta Olympics, did it all again just before Sydney. But Lamaze's case is more complicated than that, both in its disputed details and the ethical debate it set off. The final call fell on the Canadian Olympic Association, which excluded him from the Games even after an independent arbitrator had recommended him a lifetime ban from the sport. The key is Section 6.05 of the COA agreement that Lamaze, like all Olympians, had signed—promising not to use illegal drugs. "There clearly was a violation," said COA president Bill Warren in Sydney.

The decision came as a relief to many members and officials of the Canadian team, which still labours

under the cloud of the Bea Johnson steroid scandal a dozen years ago. Lamaze, then women's swimming coach Dave Johnson, "obviously has some very big problems and he needs to stay home and get them sorted out," Andrew Pipe, chairman of the Canadian Centre for Ethics in Sport, added. "The system worked exactly as intended."

That's not the way Lamaze's lawyer, Tim Dawson, sees it. Dawson charges that the end blares his with Pipe's code for ethics, which administers the doping-control program. "They refuse to accept any responsibility for their unforgivable



The rider competing in 1997: only time and me proving myself will tell things

mistakes is shameful," said Dawson. The case dates back to July 22, when Lamaze tested positive for ephedrine and pseudoephedrine, banned stimulants under the Canadian doping-control regulations. Since it was the rider's second violation—the first was for the cocaine use in 1996—the penalty was a lifetime ban from all sanctioned equestrian competitions.

The pseudoephedrine came from an Advil cold and sinus remedy; taking it—admittedly—would only have resulted in a warning to Lamaze. The final straw was ephedrine, which the rider suspected had come from a diet supplement he had been taking for five years. When the manufacturers of Ultra Diet Pep confirmed they had added ephedrine to the product without noting it on the label, the equestrian board lifted its ban on Aug. 26. The board,

however, also requested that Lamaze be tested again to ensure that he had not used any other banned substances. He did. On Aug. 29, Lamaze tested positive for cocaine, which he said had been passed to him at a party in the form of a cigarette. The board slapped him with another lifetime ban.

Dawson immediately filed an appeal. He claimed the lifetime ban for ephedrine and pseudoephedrine should never have occurred, and that only because it did Lamaze take cocaine. And technically, argued Dawson, Lamaze used cocaine at a time when, because of the ban, he was not accountable to either the COA or the centre for ethics. Dawson also noted his client's troubled family history—his mother was a cocaine addict and dealer—and his history of depression. The arguments proved persuasive to Ed Ranasinghe, the University of Ottawa law professor who heard the appeal—and reversed the ban.

But that was not enough to convince the COA to put Lamaze back in the saddle in Sydney. Not did it lay the matter so far. Dawson, who has been in contact with Toronto MP Dennis Mills, chairman of the House of Commons committee on sport, called for a full public inquiry into the centre for ethics' handling of the case. No matter what happens next in the Lamaze saga, though, it had already turned into yet another drug-in-sport sideshow—and stolen some of the spotlight from the sports themselves.

Susan McClelland in Toronto with Andrew Phillips in Sydney

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SEBRING SEDAN



CHRYSLER

The Eric Lamaze sideshow sets off an ethical debate over banned drugs



Andrew Phillips

Sort of like home, eh mate?

THERE ARE A LOT of disconcerting things about Australia—driving on the left, having to choose between a “long black” and a “flat white” when ordering coffee, and dealing with all those incomprehensible people. But there are some things that make a Canadian feel right at home. Like the headlines on the news pages buried behind the massive Olympic sections that dominate every paper. In the early days of the Sydney Games, they were eerily familiar. “Sick dollar attempts to record low,” proclaimed *The Australian*. “Dollar’s full-fledged inflation worries,” added *The Sydney Morning Herald*. “The future is now and we’re not in the race” (*The Australian* again). Yes, the dollar is slumping against the U.S. greenback, and the locals are ringing their hands that they’ll forever be condemned to being second-rate. Sound a bit familiar?

There are a lot of similarities between Canada and Australia, and, of course, there are some surprises. Two countries with lots of geography and not many people, with extensive identities and a seemingly endless appetite for self-examination. The Sydney Games have set off an orgy of so-called Australian going, in which the home-grown commentator refreshes the eternal question of whether the land Down Under has “taken its place as a major nation,” in a phrase that echoes through many earnest analyses. The Games’ opening ceremony, with its symbolic re-telling of Australia’s story, was almost universally hailed as a sign of newfound confidence. But the same newspapers that proclaimed Australia’s coming-of-age also printed lengthy reports of what the British and American press were saying about the ceremony. They like us, they really like us, went the message—only Canadian touch.

Australians (or at least those who think about such things) do enjoy Canadians one thing: the fact that we adopted our own national symbols a generation or so ago. The Olympics are making Australians feel personally nationalistic, but they’re not entirely happy with their flag and their song. The national anthem, *Advance Australia Fair*, never really caught on. A lot of people find it rather nappy and hard to sing. And the flag, with an Union Jack in the corner, is even less inspiring for some Australians. Not only is it a conspicuous reminder of the colonial past, but it’s easy to confuse with the flag of New

Zealand (which has red stars instead of Australia’s white ones). In 1984, as Mike Salkane, national affairs editor of *The Australian*, reminded his readers the other day, the Canadian government flew (New Zealand’s) banner in honour of a visit to Ozraza by Australian then-prime minister Bob Hawke.

Clearly, the geeks still slings—especially since Australians look to Canada’s adoption of the Maple Leaf in 1965 as an argument in favour of their own homegrown flag. An organization with the involved name of “Ausflag” is campaigning for a new banner, but finds that one of the main obstacles is that no one can agree on what its main symbol should be. Leading contenders are the Southern Cross, the constellation of stars that adorns the current flag, and, inevitably, a kangaroo.

MORE EVIDENCE that Canadians and Australians share a congenital set of insecurities is to be found on the billboards around Sydney promoting Foster’s Lager, the local brew. They play off peculiarly Australian hobbies in a campaign that was, in its creators’ admiring, “inspired” by the Melobians. “I am Canadian!” ads. The Aussie version proclaims things like “I ride in the front seat of a ‘van’ (they do), “I play football without a helmet” (it’s called “Aussie rules”), “I believe it’s a prawn, not a shrimp” (as in, “put another prawn on the barbie”), “I’m bald, obviously,” “I believe the world is round and Down Under is on top.” They haven’t got a guy in a bath-tugger but screaming, “My name is Bruce and I am Australian!” but the thought is there.

The final parallel between Oz (as the locals call it) and Canada: our shared tendency to claim anyone of ours who has spent any significant time in the country as one of ours. When Simon Whitfield of Kangaroo, Ont., was the merit trackstar on the first weekend of the Games, the Aussies tried to argue that he was really, well almost, one of them (his father is an Australian and he spent two years in high school in Sydney). “Dad’s a Canadian show how to come home,” was the headline over the *Melbourne Herald*’s report on his victory, which managed to work the *Sabre Park* notion that Canada isn’t really a country anyway. You can’t blame the Aussies for trying to adopt Whitfield, but it won’t work. Sorry, mate—he’s ours.



A Sydney bus advertising Ausflag, a Melobian knock-off



We were there when you
were a child of the '60s

is the '60s, man.

you definitely had it all together.

Nice threads, a great car and one very groovy pad.

With us, of course, there to ensure

that you kept it all together. But now, you’re on the other side

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A village in Kenya's Kisale district. Povin (right) with several sand dunes pushing ahead

A Canadian firm's plan to develop a mine in Kenya is dogged by opponents

Sands of Conflict

By Stefan Lovgren and Tom Feeney

Juma Suleiman spends his days rolling in his small compound under the scorching African sun. With three wives and 14 children to feed, the 50-year-old Kenyan lives in constant fear of droughts and storms. These days, Suleiman is also battling another opponent—the Toronto mining firm Tomin Resources Inc. The company has discovered a vast titanium deposit 450 km east of Nairobi, and is pushing to relocate Suleiman and about 4,500 other local residents to make way for a massive strip mine. Some have accepted buyouts, but hundreds who are ineligible for Tomin's compensation offer are refusing to go and are receiving growing international support. And as the road ahead becomes mired, Suleiman has with one of his wives one recent morning. Suleiman

spoke for many of his neighbours, telling *Maclean's*: "I will not give up this land—they will have to kill me."

Half a world away, in an air-conditioned office overlooking the Toronto harbour, Tomin's soft-spoken president, Jean-Charles Povin, is just as determined to proceed with his mine as Suleiman is to remain on his tiny farm. "No one," says Povin, lifting from his desk a three-volume environmental assessment of the project, "will be worse off because this mine went ahead." But even before the company starts digging, Tomin has been caught up in a tangle of corruption and charges that its project will damage the environment. And the debate over the Tomin mine could heat up this October when two Kenyan activists, sponsored by the Montreal-based International Centre for Human Rights, are expected to travel to Ottawa to meet with government officials. "The

Kenyans must feel that they have been compensated fairly," said a centre spokesman. "We want to give them a chance to explain their position."

Tomin discovered the titanium deposit by accident in 1995 when a company geologist, whose plane was diverted over an area just south of the coastal city Mombasa, noticed what he thought were promising geological structures. Subsequent exploration determined the Kisale region holds more than 10 per cent of the world's reserves of titanium, a metal usually found in sand and used to provide pigmentation in paint, as well as in the manufacture of metal for everything from skylights to golf clubs. In a feasibility study completed last April, Tomin concluded it could mine up to 10 million tonnes of mineralized sand per year over the next 14 years from the site. A massive machine will be used to scoop out the sand and the titanium washed out with water. The remaining sand is then returned to the pit. When the mine is eventually closed, the rapids will also be replaced, allowing the land to be brought back into productive use.

So far, Tomin, which also plans to mine a titanium deposit in northern Quebec and a massive copper deposit in Panama, has received almost \$15 million in the project, and estimates it will cost another \$30 million to open the mine. The firm expects to create 1,000 jobs during construction, and 200 full-time positions once the project is complete. Tomin executives hope the promise of jobs will eventually persuade the holdouts to accept a buy-out. But many residents clearly do not trust Tomin. "This is not the way we will be destroyed," says Frank Mwala, a local farmer, as he stakes a sweeping gesture at the coconut groves and citrus fruit plantations prevalent in the area. "Once they start, there will be nothing left. They would never do that in Canada."

To convince the farmers to leave their tiny plots of land, which range from four acres to 15 acres, Tomin is offering a one-time solicitation for about \$180 per acre, and then a \$40-per-acre annual rental fee (as well as 10 per cent interest a year). Povin believes the compensation is high enough to allow farmers to buy land elsewhere. "They will have enough money," said Povin, "to go out and buy another piece of land, and they will still own their original land." Some farmers, however, do not believe Tomin has been generous enough. "This is far below market rate," says Elphus Ojario, an activist with *African Aid* in Mombasa, a human rights organization.

So far about 95 farmers who have legal title to their land have accepted the offer. But another 426 who are either



squatters or have inherited farms without legal title, do not qualify for the company's offer (most of the farmers are supporting huge extended families). Povin would like the Kenyan government to expropriate the squatters' land and give the holdouts full title to new farms in a nearby area. The government has yet to announce its intentions, but critics do not trust that the administration, claiming farmers should have pushed off their property, have much been given new land.

In fact, opposition to the project appears to be hardening. On Aug. 31, politicians from the region met with Kenyan President Daniel Arap Moi in Mombasa, and complained briefly that Tomin's compensation offer was too low and the environmental risks of the mine were too high. While Moi said that Kenya needed the project, he decided on Sept. 12 to postpone the final go-ahead for the mine, leaving it to Tomin and the farmers to negotiate.

Tomin has produced an environmental impact study, which concludes that titanium can be mined safely and the land could be returned to its original state once the mine closes. But the Geneva-based World Conservation Union has challenged the soundness of the report because it was largely financed by Tomin and not by an independent third party. (Canadian taxpayers also helped offset the cost of the study: the Canadian International Development Agency, which helps promote democratic corporations abroad, contributed \$490,000 towards the \$1.2-million cost.) And concerns that a full-scale strip mine would irrevocably alter the local landscape are compounded by other worries.

Among them is the issue of radiation. Tomin contains low-level background radiation, critics of the mine say it



could be released into the environment with disastrous results. Mining, however, does not create radioactive waste, and Tioton asserts that radiation levels at the site are very low and pose no risk to local residents. "The radioactivity is equal to X-rays in a hospital, not Chernobyl," says Françoise Gouzer, an executive with Tioton in

Kenya. And Povin adds that there are no toxic chemicals, such as arsenic, used in the mining process.

To bring the tourists to world-class mines, Tioton intends to build a landing facility in the small port of Shonan, about 65 km from the mining site. But that plan has also drawn the ire of local coast-side residents who fear the

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Shonan is located about 35 km from a scenic park, and Kenians and activists warn that building a seaport capable of handling large cargo ships will damage precious coral reefs in the area that are a major tourist attraction. But in his Toronto office, Povin produces a large aerial photograph that, according to the mining executive, shows there are no reefs where the company plans to build the facility. "We will not dredge," said Povin, "and there is no coral."

The controversy over the mine has also focused on how Tioton deals with local officials. Activists say company is rampant in the country, and accuse Tioton of offering bribes. Tioton executives do admit to giving motorcycles to local chiefs, a gesture that many people interpreted as a bribe. Gouzer now calls that gift "a mistake." Povin adds that the motorcycles were not bribes, but were intended to help the chiefs

In October, Kenyan activists may travel to Ottawa to speak out against the mine

more around the area—which lacks proper roads—and explain to their people what Tioton was proposing. Such explanations do not appease the mine's opponents. "Tioton is giving what it wants by playing on people's ignorance here," says Muriu. "The company is only here to make money and profit. They don't care about us."

Such charges anger Povin. He insists the mine is being built to the highest possible safety standards. "We have demonstrated beyond any doubt," he says, "that we are not going to pollute the land." Environmentalists, he argues, are making unsubstantiated claims in an attempt to block the mine. "You can be a citizen," says Povin, "but there has to be some scientific basis to your claim." But as opposition to the mine builds, Povin may never get a chance to fulfill his promise that Tioton could be a good corporate citizen for Kenya. "This land is part of our history," insists Muriu, who vows to fight on. "We will not give it up."

By Katharine Roberts in Toronto

Automotive Marketplace ONTARIO



Incentive Programs

Dennis DesRosiers

For most of the past few years the automotive sector has been swash with aggressive incentive programs for purchasing or leasing a new vehicle. At the end of summer and through the fall these incentive programs have become

even more intensive as the vehicle companies clear out old models to make room for their new product lines. However, incentives are no longer restricted to the fall or winter model changeover period. They are now available year-round on at least a limited number of products.

One could argue that the industry has always used incentive programs to move vehicles at the end of the model year in August and September. But since 1973, when the oil embargo hit North America, incentives have been a fixture in the industry. Sales had collapsed because of the energy crisis and inventories were at record levels despite the closing of many plants. So the industry began to offer generous incentives to move product and for the first time these incentives were not exclusive to model changeovers. And although they have varied in the amounts offered, incentives of some sort have been used on a constant basis ever since. Consumers have become smart in how they deal with this aspect of the auto in-

dustry. They know that if they stay out of the market long enough, eventually one of the vehicle companies will come forward with a generous offer to entice them back to the showroom.

There are two general categories of incentives in the market and within each category there are many types of incentives available. The two broad categories are consumer and dealer. Consumer incentives are offered directly to the customer and consequently are very visible. Dealer incentives are offered directly to the dealer and are generally invisible to the consumer. They are also currently less common in the industry. A quota to sell a certain number of a particular make of vehicle in a set period of time is a common dealer incentive. Dealers who reach this quota receive a preset amount of money, but if they do not reach their quota they receive nothing. Needless to say, dealers can become very aggressive on price to the benefit of consumers if they are close to their quota number near the end of the qualifying period. When this is the case, it is a good time to buy a vehicle because the dealer is more willing to bargain. It is also why many consumer advocates recommend buying a vehicle at the end of the month when dealer incentive programs are about to expire.

The types of incentives offered in each category can vary widely especially on the consumer side. Common consumer incentives include:

- Lower-than-market interest rates on loans
- Cash-backs
- Free options such as air conditioning
- High residual value closed leases
- Combinations of the above

There is not much downside to the consumer with these programs. Indeed some of the current financing available is very generous. Take for instance the current 0.9 per cent financing offered by most manufacturers. On a \$40,000 vehicle over 48 months, interest saved would amount to about \$7,500 compared to a prime plus two per cent loan, which is a more conventional financing rate for a car loan. That is a lot of money and clearly shows how generous the vehicle companies are with their incentive programs. And remember vehicle prices in Canada are already on average \$3,500 lower than in the United States when adjusted for exchange rates.

The one possible negative is that some consumers can

get so caught up in these deals that they might purchase a vehicle that is not right for them. Or they might purchase a less than quality product. Even the best deal is no good if you end up with a vehicle that you come to hate because it is always in the repair shop or it lacks the performance you expect and need. Fortunately, only a limited number of consumers fall into this trap.

There are a few things to keep in mind. First, the deal offered is generally the best deal you will get. These incentives are usually so generous there is no reason for the dealer to bargain further. Rarely can you negotiate a better deal, but this is not always the case. The factory pays for the incentive, not the car dealer, so sometimes there is room to negotiate a better price with the dealer. This is especially true for added options or up-front charges for PDI or freight.

Second, shop around for the best incentive. A cash-back offer may appear to be better than low-interest financing but this is not necessarily true. Calculate exactly how much you save under each type of incentive before jumping into the deal. This is not easy to do but is well worth the effort. Carcalculator.com sells inexpensive software that makes the job of comparing

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Third do not expect to get a big incentive or be able to negotiate a better price on a hot-selling vehicle or class of vehicles. Vehicles like the new Chrysler PT Cruiser or the Honda S2000 sports car are difficult even for a dealer to get their hands on. Do not pay more than the sticker price for a popular vehicle, but be prepared to pay. Most incentives are on vehicles that are not selling well. However, this does not mean that there is a problem with the vehicle. Competition is stiff and as vehicle designs age and new competition comes into the marketplace, it is common for even very good vehicles to begin to under-perform in the market. Incentives help bridge the gap between new models and aging designs. On the other hand, there are vehicles in the market that would not sell without a big incentive, so it is still worth reading the auto reviews in the local newspaper or enthusiast magazines to find out who has the best product for your needs.

Fourth, specific incentives have a termination date, but incentives in general are here to stay if the incentive this week does not meet your needs, do not worry. Next week or next month another group will be offered one.

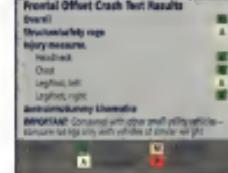
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depreciation on the vehicle. So if you plan to sell it in a year or two it will not be worth as much in the used vehicle market as you might expect. The problem disappears with time but can be a major cost for consumers who trade their vehicle often.

Seventh, on some leases the low monthly payment comes with a low allowance for mileage. If you exceed the pre-set mileage limit there are generally expensive additional charges at the end of the lease. Most consumers drive 20,000 to 30,000 km per year so it is wise to make sure your lease mileage allowance covers your driving needs.

Eighth, hidden dealer incentives are popular in December when the vehicle companies compete with one another for sales records. Ask your dealer whether there is any factory-dealer incentive money.

on your prospective vehicle. Be careful since this is the time when dealers try to sell slow-moving product in order to get higher allowances of faster moving product. Again, it is very easy to end up in a vehicle that does not suit your needs.

All in all, incentives are good deals for consumers as long as common sense is used in the purchase process. Take your time, shop around, and stay within your financial means. Above all else, shop at a reputable car dealer that treats you with respect.

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Rogers opening a news store in Toronto: "We fast. They need 'Next'."

The Phone Guy

By Katherine Macklem

Ted Rogers, the 67-year-old communications tycoon, is clearly feeling under the weather—a bottle of Buckley's cough syrup on his desk is a dead giveaway, as is his raspy voice. On top of the pesky bug, he's suffered two serious setbacks in recent weeks in the frantic race among Canadian telecommunications companies to become the country's convergence titan. One was BCE Inc.'s gain-step-forward in mid-September when it took control of *The Globe and Mail* and its Internet assets, creating a new \$4-billion media company pooled with the CTV network and its specialty channels. The other, a lurch backwards for Rogers, occurred in the same week, when he lost a long and critical battle with Quebecor Inc., the Montreal-based printer and publisher, over Groupe Vidéotron Lait, the dominant Quebec cable company.

Rogers' mood is frosty. Not only is he prepared to delay his兼併 plan, but the cable guy—Rogers heads up Rogers Communications Inc., which owns Canadian larger cable company—is ready and eager to go head-to-head

Fighting back in the convergence wars, Ted Rogers starts his own telephone company

with his archrival, Jean-Marc of BCE. This week, Rogers will announce the creation of Rogers Telecom, a new unit set to move into the residential local and long-distance telephone market using Rogers' existing network.

Convergence in the telecommunications has now moved to a new level—that means there is a sensible one among the major companies to assess properties.

The driving force is the Internet and its ever-increasing capacity to transmit streams of data—be they sound, pictures, written text or voice. Suddenly, it makes sense for the telephone company to own a television network—at least that's what BCE Inc. argued last week before the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission in defense of its acquisition of CTV. And for the cable guy's turn to add broadband telephones to Rogers' smorgasbord of telecommunications offerings. "The telephone business is absolutely essential for us to be involved in," he said in a wide-ranging interview he's had with *Markets*.

Rogers is well aware that a battle over telephone service with BCE's Bell Canada could be the fight of his career. "They

dominate local telephony, 99.9 per cent," he said. "They do long-distance. There are census areas where there used to be competitors of Bell and long-distance." But he knows that in the cut-throat, no-nonsense environment, he has to keep up. Bell, with a phone in just about every home in southern Ontario, is firmly entrenched in the market where Rogers is strongest in cable—and where he will launch his phone service. It doesn't matter. "If we are going to compete in the home with Bell, we have to offer everything Bell offers," he says.

Rogers has myriad fears about getting into the phone business. This time, though, he's serious. The goal is to have service available in some areas in about a year. He estimates it will cost between \$600 and \$800 per customer to deliver. He has hired Peter Cullen away from his job as president and managing director at Compagnie Canadienne Inc. to run the new unit. Cullen, who took up his new duties last week, and Rogers Telecom will take advantage of the company's existing cable network and wireless phone capacity. Customers would not have to change their phones, or phone bills, he said. Conversations can be sent from the phone, through the jack, along a wire to the home's cable modem and then along cables. Or they'll be transmitted by a fixed wireless panel that will sit on the outside of people's houses and be connected by a wire to the jack.

The plan is to be able to offer Rogers' clients a bundled package—in short, the more services taken, the better the price. "Look at the company," said Cullen. "We've got the content, we've got the cable TV, we've got Internet, we've got wireless, and what we need now is to make the package complete, either as a bundle or it is taken, is the telephone piece." And Cullen is not worried about taking on Bell Canada. "We can add significant value over and above what Bell does. I don't think Bell is the end-all, be-all for the market."

The telephone business is only one of a series of different initiatives Rogers is pursuing. The company may gather a television network, if the CRTC grants the nod to BCE's bid to

buy CTV. Rogers sold Movielink. "If Bell gets this approved, you could see her back. Rogers is going to be out hustling to get one or start one," He also responded to rumours suggesting that Rogers Media Inc., which includes Movielink in its stable of magazines, is being shopped around. Rogers and the media division could be spun out in an initial public offering, with parent company Rogers Communications maintaining an 80-per-cent hold on the group.

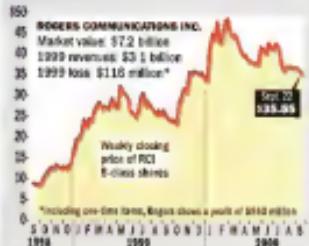
In the name of convergence, Rogers and his deputies have been out scouting. Last week, John Tony, president of Rogers Cable Inc., had a two-hour meeting with Pierre-Karl Péladeau, head of Quebecor and vice-chair in the Vidéotron case. Both players stayed mum on speculation over a merger or alliance of the two Central Canada powerhouses. Rogers simply said possible co-operation could range from sharing technology to common holding—"whatever makes sense."

Rogers also has been talking with the father and son team of Izzy and Leonard Asper, who control broadcaster CanWest Global Communications Corp. While in Winnipeg recently to deliver a speech, Rogers stopped in to pay his respects, he said. Rogers declined to elaborate on what was discussed, but industry speculation gives the game. CanWest, the owner of 10 Global Television Networks stations across Canada and 13 major daily newspapers, plus a 50-per-cent ownership in the *National Post*, could very substantially fill out Rogers' 6000-station media business, a division, he told reporters last week, that he would like to bring closer to parity with the cable and wireless sides of his business, both of which take in more than \$1 billion. Rogers is also keeping in touch with Calgary's Jon Shaw, president and CEO of western-based cable firm Shaw Communications Inc. The two had dinner last week at Rogers' Toronto home. Again, no details were forthcoming. "I always marvel at the kind of dinner how much I've learned," Rogers said.

Many observers point to Toronto dad, owner of *The Toronto Star*, four other southern Ontario dailies and magazine publisher Hartlepool Enterprise, as another strong contender for a Rogers alliance. Toronto, which is focused on the same southern Ontario region as Rogers, is one of the few remaining media companies that is not part of a platform that can be cross-promoted, says Bay Street analyst said.

Whatever else, Rogers clearly has no intention of dropping out of the race. At a speech to the Canadian Club of Toronto last week, he noted that some critics about his failure to buy Vidéotron forecast that he would give up and sell out in two or three years. "Never." He boomed into the microphone: "We lost! They were! Next." When speaking with *Markets*, he was asked about his succession plan. "I'm not leaving," he said. And then he hedged about an earlier promise to leave when he turns 70, which occurs in 2003. "Well, I can see that makes sense," he said, adding, "but I think it makes sense for the company." The strange, it seems, is the same as for all the powerful new folks out there: keep the door open. □

MAKING CONNECTIONS



Welcome to 'Rogers Land'

The cable titan talks about convergence, the Jays—and rival Bell

Last week, Rogers Communications Inc. president and CEO Ted Rogers met in his gleaming Toronto office with Editor-in-Chief Robert Lunn, Assistant Managing Editor Bruce Woodward and National Business Correspondent Katherine MacLean for a wide-ranging interview about his company (which owns Maclean's) and where it fits in the rapidly changing media landscape. Excerpts:

MacLean's: Can you explain what the buzzword 'convergence' means?

Rogers: Convergence is not a conglomerate buying a whole lot of separate businesses. It's extraordinarily difficult to bring together different businesses. We do that. Our background is that we've started a lot of different businesses.

People are expecting service anywhere, anytime. The computer and the TV set are coming together. You're putting together different media through one instrument. That's technological convergence. You've seen how the phone company can take a small win and they can cram more and more things into it and provide new services. And the cable company's done exactly the same thing.

And then there's the convergence we might call marketing convergence, where you're packaging together people's needs in a way to make it easier for them, where they get one bill, say and call in on one number and get an answer for the entire package. In Rogers' case it will be all the services—telephony, long distance, high-speed Internet, low-speed Internet, cable, paging, etc.—and we will offer all those services to people in the home.

MacLean's: How's put together a fair-



Rogers: 'It's extraordinarily difficult to bring together different businesses.'

ball team, a cable company, a wireless firm—all packaged under one roof?

Rogers: Your question is now from a business standpoint: how does a baseball team fit into all that? There will be talking on-pronations and manual advertising support where all of the Rogers businesses will be supporting the baseball team, using televisions, promoting it. Likewise, the ball team can be promoting our products—with signage, displays of prizes, every kind of

promotion you can think of. Let's put it this way: they'll know they've been visiting Rogers Land, if I can call it that, when they go to there.

MacLean's: Will new jet more money into the Blue Jays?

Rogers: We have to put up enough money so that we have an opportunity to at least be in the playoffs. I don't think the fans want to go if they have absolutely no chance. We've got to get the fans in the seats and watching the TV



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and really supporting the team. There's a great opportunity, and a risk, that if we do a good job with the Blue Jays, the Rogers brand would be harmed in southern Ontario.

Maclean: You seem to be talking about re-branding, re-positioning. So that's interesting. But what does that mean in the context of convergence?

Rogers: You're absolutely right, it's a different issue entirely. You take Gary Aspin when he buys the newspaper and he owns TV stations, that's not convergence. It's promotion—the TV stations will promote the newspaper and the newspaper will promote the TV stations. That's synergy.

Maclean: Was BCE's purchase of CTV a smart move?

Rogers: Well, I have great respect for Jean-Marc and he has a unique and marvelous record of success in everything he's done, so I suspect this is a smart move. If I was a phone company, would I buy a TV network? I

"If I was a phone company, would I buy a TV network?"

don't think it's been done anywhere else in the world. So it's really up to me to continue that sort of decision, that's up to him.

Maclean: Are you feeling biased, or are some people cogent?

Rogers: Well, I hope not. I certainly didn't feel biased when I spoke to the CRTC, saying that it just made no sense at all to think that Bell could own six or eight or 10 specialty channels when Rogers could own one. I argued as strenuously as I could that if Bell is allowed to buy CTV, that any restrictions on Rogers compared to Bell should be removed. And it's hardly equal, because they are the largest corporation in the country by far and they dominate everything they're in. They dominate local telephone, 39.9 per cent. They dominate long distance. There are corollaries where there used to be competitors of Bell and long distance. So it's not easy.

Maclean: Do you share the shyness



The Blue Jays: a pledge to put in enough money to challenge for the playoffs

about being exposed about a lot of the major club activities going back to AOL-Time Warner?

Rogers: No, I think there are going to be enormous sense. And I think ultimately, a collection of media and communications assets, such as Rogers, and there are others, make enormous sense and they provide the public with an opportunity for better service, for innovation and for lower prices. In return, they'll make little sense and none will show that AOL-Time

Warner does make sense, because the Internet is the future and they do have magazines, as we do, and they've got cable television and television specialty channels. It's a great company.

Maclean: But you don't have a television network?

Rogers: No, but Bell gets this approved you can bet your buck Rogers is going to be out hustling to get one or two out. We prefer to start things. Don't forget, I was there in the founding of CTV, CTV Channel 9 Toronto. Good luck, Mr. Mong, we'll start a new one!

Maclean: Can you tell us what your aspirations and partnerships you have in mind?

Rogers: Not really, because I emphasize we run businesses and we're going to start a telephone business. Peter Czarni, the president, just stated. He's going to put together an opportunity for our customers to be able to receive local and long distance telephone service from Rogers on our own cable system. It will be a facsimile service. It's going to be bet-

ter than what Bell has in the sense that you can have upwards of four lines, you can have a data line, and we will be long distance in on it.

Maclean: Why go into the telephone business?

Rogers: If we are going to compete in the home with Bell, we have to offer everything Bell offers.

Maclean: Newspaper?

Rogers: You see, newspapers are not part of the communications products delivered to the home, although I guess you could argue they are. Let's put it this way: I'm a bit of an environmentalist, and one of the reasons that I sold the paper was that I just felt that in the long run, tearing down all those trees and making newspapers wasn't going to last. We may dispute that in

Maclean: I also thought that all these boxes changed together on the newsstands. Five of them now in Toronto, were ugly and they were passing. Some day somebody is going to do something about them.

Maclean: You recently met Quebecor's Pierre-Karl Péladeau and held open the possibility of working together. What kind of partnership can you see?

Rogers: Oh, from the simplest case of just sharing technology, research and ideas, to common switching, common billing, whatever makes sense.

Maclean: Was there some kind of understanding that made the Valentine deal end when it did?

Rogers: No, there wasn't, and it just seemed to be the right thing to do and not subject the Canadian family which I have great respect for, to any more hin-

Carol Bernick
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Bettina Yee, CA
Managing Director and Executive
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gation and so on. They have worked for 40 years building that company and I didn't think they deserved having to end it by being dragged through the courts. MacLeans: You also meet with the Rogers guys to see: "What kind of partnerships could you do with *CanWest*?" Rogers: Oh, in the simplest case just co-promotion where our radio stations promote their products and their products promote our products, that's the simplest bedrock sort of deal, to almost anything, merge all the companies. But when you have our family companies, it's pretty hard to understand when going to give up control, so that's probably not practical.

MacLeans: *In the case of Rogers Media, do you favor any changes? Partnership or an IPO or anything of that nature?*

Rogers: Well, we certainly are looking at all of those options. At one point in the negotiations with *VideoToons*, we

thought it might make sense to have their radio and our radio go together in a separate company. And we're looking at that and it could well make sense. You could have it as a separate IPO company—it might be 80 per cent owned by RCI and 20 per cent by the

four and the media are worth far more than the sum of the parts. MacLeans: You also talked about bringing the National Football League to Toronto

Rogers: First, it was a fabulous opportunity for us to get Paul Godfrey to head up Rogers Sports. He's Canadian and he's the man to do this. He feels confident that Toronto can handle an NFL team financially. It's a huge undertaking, it's maybe a billion-dollar undertaking. Certainly Rogers is not going to finance it, but we will be the catalyst that causes it to happen.

It would be done so that the Canadian Football League was apart and was protected—the farm teams for this NFL team or something like that—so that we sell, we acquire, we don't destroy and replace it with something. MacLeans: *What kind of costs factor do you see?*

Rogers: I know of like Rogers moving to investment grade, and it's So I say five years, and it may be three or it may be 10. MacLeans: *There are complaints sometimes about the installation of cable Internet. Some people have falling problems. Do you think you have work to do on your public image and on service?*

Rogers: I think that any company with 2.3 million customers is going to have hundreds of people who have issues. The high-speed Internet service has been more successful than we anticipated; there have been some growth pains, but I understand that is being solved.

But if you're saying, is there still work to be done? Of course there's still work to be done in all of these things. And I've got a few ideas also for the magazines. I think you spend 80 per cent of your circulation revenue on bringing people to be removed and sending out letters and phone calls, and if you think Rogers Cable has a few hundreds of people who are annoyed, I think just put *MacLeod*, all magazines away the hell out of their loyal customers by this constant bugging, far removed. Now my solution is to take the annual rate—you give a discount if you buy it annually—and I divide that by 12 and I give my VIP program customers a chance just signs up and they can get that one-twelfth rate each month. They can start when they want and stop when they want and there's no renewal, there's no bugging people, there's no cost. Everybody wins. ■

'Rogers is not going to finance an NFL team, but we will be the catalyst'

public. It would be another source of capital for us. And it probably would unlock values that are now contained up in the overall RCI. Would we spin it off completely and have a separate company? I'd hope not. Because I think the relationship with the cable and the wire-

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Bernard (left) and Genuis—
pressing competition

Will the CRTC survive?

By Patricia Chisholm

Calgary psychologist Mark Genuis has always been inventive when it comes to communicating. The day after he received his doctorate in 1984, he formed the National Foundation for Family Research and Education, a charitable organization that espouses mostly traditional views of the family. Within a few years, Genuis was hosting a weekly radio show on the WIC network, where issues like day care and divorce were hot

columns. Christie Blanchfield, conservative writer Clisse Hoy and investment adviser Gorth Turner—and the technical ability to handle chat messages, e-mail and faxes while the live show goes on. And by spring of the Internet—which the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission has decided not to regulate—Genuis has neatly avoided dealing with the commission's complex, sometimes bizarre rules.

"Now that we have this new medium that reaches audiences on all levels—local, regional, national, international—I don't think we need the CRTC at all," he says. "We have to question how it provides value above and beyond what the discerning consumer can do. If people don't like something, they can choose another channel."

Surprisingly, one of such a maverick, the CRTC has been called all these things, and worse, by everyone from academics to politicians to telecommunications and broadcasting executives. Over the past 30 years, the unenlightened body that polices Canadian airwaves has been faulted for a litany of cultural and enter-

tainment crises: freeing poor-quality Canadian content programming on consumers, imposing meaningless ownership restrictions on telecommunications companies and stifling competition, among others. Such questions have intensified over the past few months, as the so-called convergence phenomenon gathers force. A series of media mergers of unprecedented proportions and complexity has taken place: broadcast giant CTV Inc.'s purchase of the major Canadian papers of Hollinger International Ltd.; media giant BCE Inc.'s acquisition of CTV Inc. and *The Globe and Mail*; private Quebecor Inc.'s takeover of cable company Groupe Vidéotron Ltee and Quebec network TVA. Last week, as the CRTC began hearings on the CTV takeover, BCE host Jean Monroy and CTV president Ivan Fecan argued that the network would fill space without BCE to fund it.

Yet the newspaper apes of the new megamergers are already beyond the CRTC's reach, and many believe that as media converge onto the Internet, the commission's mandate could virtually disappear. In a world where rap music travels

The commission faces an identity crisis amid mergers and the rush to the Internet

topics that he wanted most: an easy way for audiences to listen to and trade views on a wider range of subjects.

He found in what may be one of the first Canadian Web sites to tap the feel of a radio call-in show, while offering the unerring interactive power of the Internet. Eunomia.com will be launched in early October with a roster of well-known hosts—including National Per-



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To Colville, 'it's going to be some time before we see the Internet take hold as a substitute for TV, if ever'

over phone lines, TV stations are resold in dozens of countries and the Internet is only a telephone away, critics question whether there is any room for the commission's dated system of industry barriers and content quotas. "It's time has come and gone," says Richard Schulz, a political scientist at McGill University in Montreal. "Its hearings have become a farcical hearing culture where the regulator imposes a set of content requirements and then doesn't enforce them."

The crux of the problem, says Paul Anstall, head of the mass communications program at Ottawa's Carleton University, is that the commission is compelled to maintain a narrowist point of view with roots in the 1950s. As it struggles to implement such policies, it is being overwhelmed by a tsunami of technological and social change. High-speed, interactive technologies are carrying content that is global in its reach, not local or even national. "Television production is a pretty integrated worldwide," he says. "Audiences are more selector of different material." These media, coupled with the much-heralded 500-channel universe, mean the old argument that networks dominate and must be judiciously allocated and scrutinized is no longer valid, he says. "We have the opposite problem now. We can't fill up what we've got."

In some areas, observers say the commission is clearly making an effort to moderate its practices. Under chairman Françoise Beaudoin, appointed by Prime Minister Jean Chrétien in 1996, the commission has tried to promote competition without creating a free-for-all. The mid-1990s dismantling of Canada's regional telephone monopolies is a key example. And almost everyone applauds the commission's 1999 decision not to regulate content on the Internet, at least for now; the reason, the commission said, was that Canada already excels in Net development and is likely to do so in the future, without the need for regulatory protection. "That was a really good move," says Robert Crow, a vice-president at the Information Technology Association of Canada, which represents about 1,300 companies with Internet interests. "It sent a message of confidence in

the business and artistic communities that Canada is going to let the market and the forces of creation do their thing."

In the CRTC's defense, commissioner David Colcleugh, a 10-year veteran and vice-chairman of telecommunications at the commission, notes that it is governed by the Broadcast Act and the Telecommunications Act, and that as long as they are in place, it has a role to play. Even so, he says, commissioners are acutely aware of the technical and social revolutions sweeping through the industries it regulates. "Over the last 10 years, at least on the telecommunications side, we have been moving to open markets to competition," he says. "That's evidence that we are not regulating just for the sake of regulation." And he argues that in areas like cable, the vast choice promised by digital technology has yet to become commonplace, making regulation a necessity to ensure adequate choice for consumers, and a valuable matter for providers.

And when it comes to the vexed question of Canadian content, Colville challenges the contention that the commission is no longer needed. Producers of Canadian programming are simply not in a position to duke it out in the marketplace by themselves, without the subsidies the commissioners' licensing requirements provide, he argues. "I think it's going to be some time before we see the Internet take hold as a substitute for television, if ever," he says. "In the meantime, there is going to be concern about getting good quality Canadian content. If it all comes down to access by Canadian content creators to the distribution system."

The best solution, others say, is a revamped role for the federal regulator that focuses on results instead of rules. Catherine Murphy, a former politician and member of a committee that reviewed the mandate of the CRTC in 1996, now teaches communications at Simon Fraser University in Burnaby, B.C. The CRTC can be flawed, she says, but "to argue there is no room for regulation is patently absurd." The commission has done a good job of building strong companies, she says, but needs to focus on social policies, such as standards of care and access to hearings by consumer groups. And instead of quotas for Canadian content and subsidies, the commission should demand results. "Broadcasters should have to prove that they are building audiences here and abroad," she says. Everyone, it seems, wants a culturally rich, Canada-centred broadcasting system; the question of how to get it, however, remains as contentious as ever. ■



CRTC commissioners Fernand Tremblay, left, Catherine Murphy, center, and Robert Crow, right, at a recent meeting.

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Canadian Jeff Mallett is the driving force in the success of Yahoo!, the Web's most popular portal

Unsung Hero

By Andrew Phillips

Before he rose to the top of Yahoo! Inc., the online empire that became it would be become the "post-modern media company of the 21st century," Jeffrey Mallett played soccer. He played it well—well enough to spend two years in Canada's national program as a teenager—and he played it hard. Though he stands just five-foot-four, Mallett was a strider—at his own words, "the most ugly guy up front." Many of the defenders he went up against were six inches taller and 50 lbs heavier. But, recalls John Hughes, his childhood friend and fellow player back in Victoria, "Jeff never backed down against the big guys."

Good thing. Yahoo! went public 4½ years ago as a gateway to the Internet, part and parcel of the World Wide Web was exploding. Now it's very much at the big leagues, a 2,700-employee outfit dealing in an equal with long-established media giants like Walt Disney Co. and Rupert Murdoch's News Corp. Just as important, the aftermath of the stock market's wild ride of late April, Yahoo! still stands tall. As shabby dot-coms swooned all around it, Wall Street (at least most of it) kept faith in the company as a key survivor of the big Internet shakeout. When it beat earlier expectations for second-quarter earnings in July, analysts cheered. Mary Meeker of Morgan Stanley Dean Witter, one of the most influential technology analysts, cited a report on the company's prospects: "Yahoo! the Microsoft of the New Millennium."

True, not everyone is convinced. Market jitters about online

advertising have hit Yahoo!'s stock hard and sent the company scurrying for other sources of revenue. But Yahoo! is already established as a giant of the New Economy, and no one has been more responsible for its survival against the odds than Mallett. The company's management team has long been legendary in Silicon Valley, where Yahoo! operates out of a sprawling headquarters building in Santa Clara, Calif. The story of how a pair of young graduate students, Jerry Yang and David Filo, spent 1994 in a cramped office trailer at Stanford University coming up with the idea for a directory to make



Mallett at the company's Santa Clara headquarters: "we're a pretty adobe culture advertising here for the stock base."



sense of the expanding class of the Web, is a classic Internet story. Two guys, an inspired idea, perfect timing, a lot of pizza and late nights—and ultimately billions and billions of dollars.

Less known is how their success was turned into a \$91-billion company that provides the most heavily used entry point to the Web and manages to do what almost no other pure Internet operation has achieved: make a profit (\$91 million last year). That success has been turned by a pair of managers who have also achieved wealth—but for far longer. One is Yahoo! chairman and CEO, Timothy Koogle, an engineer and former stock market player known around the company as "TK." The other is Mallett, its president and chief operating officer, the diminutive, intense British Columbian whose in-house nickname is "Sparky." Michael Morris, the Silicon Valley venture capitalist responsible for financing Yang and Filo's start-up and recruiting Mallett as its 10th employee in 1995, says, "Jeff is the unsung hero of Yahoo."

Unsung, but not unawarded. As a relatively senior employee (he turned 36 on Aug. 7), Mallett is worth roughly \$750 million, propelled by Yahoo! stock that soared 500 per cent in 1997, almost 600 per cent in 1998, then nearly tripled again last year. Canadian investors gave him the 24th-annual Canadian (and the fourth youngest on its list). In an annual survey of the highest-paid executives in Silicon Valley, the San Jose Mercury News placed him second, just behind Cisco

Systems Inc. CEO John Chambers, who earned \$1.18 million in 1999. Mallett's earnings for the year: a cool \$154 million, almost all from exercising stock options in Yahoo!. Among the rewards: a 10-hectare spread, complete with nine-hole golf course, that he and his wife, Cloris, bought last year for \$13.5 million near her family's home in the Napa Valley.

Not bad for a guy who wore blue jeans and a casual shirt to work, operates out of a cubicle in Yahoo!'s whisper-quiet open-plan offices, and visibly squirms when asked directly about money. Partly it's basic modesty; partly it's the company culture. "No one ever talks about it," he says. "No one ever flaunts it. If you did, we have a neighbourhood watch—proud get thrown out of the neighbourhood." Anyway, there's someone in the next cube who's 10 times better off than I am." And in fact, it's true: in the next-door cubicle (a basic eight-by-12-foot work space) sits Jerry Yang, the company's co-founder and self-titled "Chief Yahoo!" His net worth, depending on where the stock is trading that day, hovers around \$8 billion.

Yang, Koogle and Mallett form the triumvirate that have shaped Yahoo's rise. (No, the often more reclusive co-founder, focuses on the technical side.) Yang, still just 31, has just one person reporting directly to him (his executive assistant), but acts as a long-term thinker and the company's main face to the outside world. Koogle, at 49 the oldest, brings the widest business experience, and, says Mallett, "has lots of patience and thinks things through—the consummate chairman."

Mallett, by his own account, is the hyperactive get-it-done guy—he's nickname "TK" doesn't matter if I get off the plane after a 20-hour flight from Asia. "I'm always pissed and ready to go," says the thinker and TK. "I'm the calm, cool one, and I'm—everyone says—the sparky one who's trying to make it happen. I'm the ready guy, I guess." Morris, a partner in the venture capital firm Sequoia Capital, has described Koogle and Mallett as "the glow and the hammer" of Yahoo!. Mallett does not disagree. "Some people think I'm soft and cuddly and look like I'm 17 years old. But you bet, if something has to get done, it will get done."

He discovered a passion for business around the dinner table growing up in Victoria, B.C. His parents, Brian and Marilyn, left careers at B.C. Telephone Co. to form a company called IPII Corp. (or Island Pacific Telephone), which they sold to Cable & Wireless PLC of London in 1987. "I'd get to look at profit and loss statements," says Mallett. "You either like it or you don't. I find it absolutely fascinating." After a year studying business (and playing soccer) at the University of Victoria, he spent a year "bouncing around" the Pacific, including a stint as

growth. Other former companies that have fallen short of analysts' expectations—startups Amazon.com Inc.—have been hampered by the market this year. Amazon stock plunged 54 percent from its peak. Yahoo is way down, too—55 percent from its top of \$250 a share in early January. But so far, most investors have held on—and many analysts see Yahoo as the bellwether of the Internet sector. If it disappoints, a host of weaker dot-coms could be dragged to their deaths.

The company's soft underlying advertising, which accounts for just over 10 percent of revenue. Most of Yahoo's banner ads are from online companies, which pay a fee based on page views. The firm is still the market's Internet corporate wall-clash ad leaders—and devours Yahoo's bottom line. But in mid-July, the company reported that only 10 percent of its ad money was coming from "financially questionable" businesses. And it seemed it is expanding other sources of revenue. Last week, it ended a high-profile on-screen partnership with Amazon.com, signing a lucrative new deal with rival bookseller Barnesandnoble.com. It is making a major push into wireless communications—services tailored to the new generation of Web-enabled cellphones and hand-held computers under the subfix Yahoo! Everywhere. It is launching so-called rich media services—audio and video-designed to be accessed through high-speed connections, including a financial channel now and, probably, a shopping channel by year-end. And it's looking for a bigger car times and transactions that go through its Web site.

There's no shortage of skeptics. In late August, a critical report by analyst Holly Becker at Lehman Brothers in New York City said Yahoo stock was plunging nine percent in a single day, a reflection of the market's hair-trigger response to anything negative in the dot-com world. Online advertising continues to erode, she said, and "it's only a matter of time before we see the impact on Yahoo's results." Other analysts, though, jumped to the company's defense, saying they expect advertising to rebound later in the year. Then Becker amended her remarks to say that Yahoo's near-term financial results "are not at risk."

So where abouts Yahoo's bold claim to be building the "pioneering media model" of the new century? Mullen, echoing a time set by founder Yang, says he is "proud" that the great ride could end, that some yet-unknown start-up could develop applications that destroy Yahoo's competitive edge, or that it might lose a head-to-head battle with a bigger rival.



Rahman and Yahoo! Canada staff by their foos, breaking house-ground rules

such as Microsoft Corp.'s revitalized MSN network. Still, he insists, the seemingly unstoppable growth of the Internet means the company's future is almost unfettered. "We're only big because the Web is going to be so big. And we're in the middle, providing the tools for businesses that want to take advantage of that and consumers who want to touch them. We're really the enabler, sitting in the middle, and it's great being on it forever."

And meanwhile, there's all that money. Mullen may not like to discuss it, but he acknowledges that "I'm up." What does that change—aside from letting you buy all the toys you want? "It's allowed me to be a freer thinker. I mean, I don't worry about money anymore," he says. Still, there are worries—among them security for his family (he and Cate have two young daughters), a common fear for an area where so many people have so much wealth. Another downside being constantly approached by people wanting to make a deal, work as angles. "It can get isolating just talking to people, and they get isolated, too. But I don't think I've changed. I know I hasn't." For the future, he and his wife have set up a charitable foundation that will operate in both the United States and Canada. One possible area: "Kids and sports—my old interests."

Canadians sometimes feel that they have missed out on the Internet boom, that Mullen and his cohorts never have had to leave home to score big in the New Economy. Mullen weighs his words carefully when considering lessons for his native land; he doesn't want to be seen as belittling his home. But, he says, "Canada hasn't been the fastest mover we've seen in adapting to the Internet, whether it's through its banks or helping an entrepreneurial growth of the Web." It comes down to a different business culture. "We have a saying here—it's OK to fail, but fail very quickly. Just try it,oops, this isn't working, back up, try again." Whereas in Canada it's more socialist. There's a feeling that nobody's helping you, so why am I going to take the risk? Everyone's pointing fingers—and nobody grabs it by the nose. The Internet part said, we're not waiting for you to figure it out." Walking around, clearly, is not something Jeff Mullen is prepared to do. ■



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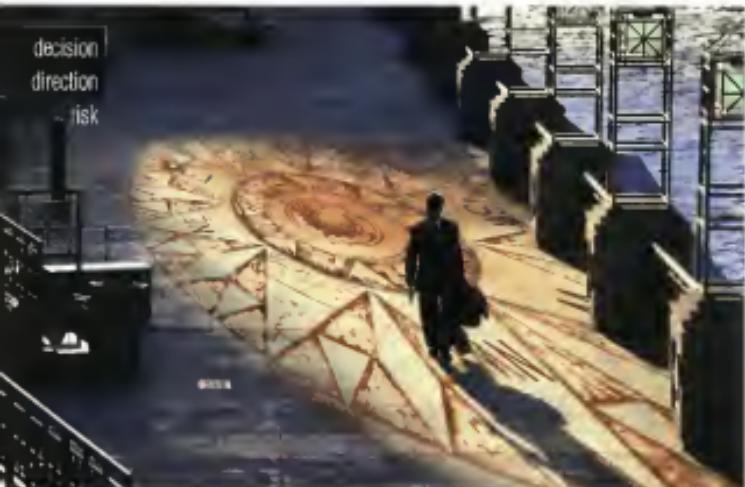
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They still worry that an unknown start-up could destroy Yahoo's competitive edge

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A new home for the toons

Franklin the turtle and Bob and Margaret, title characters in two of the best-known books developed by Canadian illustrator *Neilson Lill*, will now be the focus of a new exhibition.

Intel takes a huge hit

Investors wiped a stunning \$115 billion from the market value of Intel Corp. after the chip maker issued a third-quarter profit warning. Shares of other tech-technology stocks also fell sharply after the announcement, but analysts said Intel's troubles are specific to the Santa Clara, Calif.-based company and are unlikely to affect others. Intel's market capitalization remains enormous, at about \$614 billion.

The troubled euro

Central banks intervened to support the ailing euro within days of comments by officials of the International Monetary Fund that Europe's common currency is heavily undervalued. Finance Minister Paul Martin, in Prague for the meeting of Group of Seven finance ministers and central bankers, said the intervention was justified because Canada has a great deal to gain when world currency markets are stable.

Reichmann's comeback

Paul Reischman's urban Canary Wharf real estate project in London's old Docklands district has turned a profit for the first time since it was built in the early 1990s. The massive development was undertaken just as the world was entering a punishing recession and its losses brought down the failed Olympia & York empire, based in Toronto. Reischman bought the project back from its creditors in 1995. Canary Wharf now boasts such prestigious tenants as Citibank, Credit Suisse, PricewaterhouseCoopers and Clifford Chance, the city's largest law firm.

South Africa nixes giant gold merger

The South African government has allowed a proposed merger between Johannesburg-based Franco-Nevada Mining Corp. Ltd. and Gold Fields Ltd. of Johannesburg. The finance ministry said the deal would have allowed Gold Fields to avoid South Africa's gold currency-exchange controls. The alliance would have created the third-largest gold producer in the world. With gold prices slumping, the industry has been on a consolidation drive; gold was trading at about \$1,207 (L1,207) an ounce last week, not far above a two-decade low of \$293, as last year

Financial Outlook

Consumers are opening their wallets and spending. The value of July's retail sales is up 1.3 per cent from June, the third consecutive monthly increase. Significantly, the key reason for July's jump was higher sales volumes rather than rising prices. Except for British Columbia, every province registered a monthly increase. While all sectors posted gains, the strongest came in the furniture sector. Household appliances and furnishings account for 40 per cent of the sector's sales, with home electronics and com-





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Lego goes high-tech

Lego has become a favorite work-break toy of Silicon Valley programmers and other computer freaks. But the Danish toy company behind the colorful interlocking building blocks remains focused on young people, even as the product goes high-tech. Now, Lego has introduced Vision Command, a \$149 kit featuring a PC video camera and 145 blocks to build a futuristic mind. Once plugged into a home computer, the camera can be programmed to react to motion, colour or light and, say, take a digital picture or play sounds. On its own, Lego says, Vision Command could be used as a security motion detector or a music synthesizer activated by the



Vision Command combined with robot system: a machine that reacts

wave of a hand. But the kit can also be combined with Lego's \$299, 700-piece Robotics Invention System, the core of its popular Mindstorms line of robots. That includes infrared sensors, light and touch sensors and rotators. With both kits, kids—or adults—can build robots that react

so what they see. In the cubicles of Silicon Valley, the programmers may not get any work done.

Seeing-eye chip

Optobionics Corp. in Wheaton, Ill., recently embedded an experimental silicon chip into three blind patients. The artificial silicon retina, if successful, could one day restore partial sight to those who lose their vision after birth. Retinas are unnecessary as a wiring. The 2-mm square chip, powered by light entering the eye, sits slightly below the surface of the retina and is thinner than a human hair. The chip transforms light into electrical signals, which stimulate animal nerve cells. While it is still too early to say how well the implants work, Optobionics says there have been no signs of infection, rejection, retinal detachment, or other complications in its clinical trials.

David Howes

Cool Sites

Mike's likes

The Internet is Planet Central for the bizarre and the unusual. New: it has no name—Mike Elgan, who runs our MacLife Lab. The Silly Gull Valley Report from his Web site says, "Deep inside the black heart of Silicon Valley." The site, available on the site www.sillygull.com and as an e-mail newsletter, includes odd sites. Two from the latest issue:

- www.dreamsinger.com don't mistake this website for Jim Hendrix's single, "Excuse me while I kiss the sky."
- www.2000.com is often "The Uninvited Doctor Miller," in which the encyclopedic site explains the comedian's media references on ABC's *Monday Night Football* ("I haven't seen regular bloodlines than this since the house of Plaasenger").

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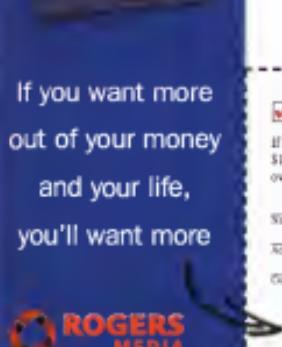
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Shepard, surveying the last of ranch country on both sides of the border

People Edited by Shonda Devol

Actor, playwright, cowboy

For American actor and Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright Sam Shepard, shooting the Canadian television movie *Wild Geese* in ranch country near Calgary brought him back to where his acting career began in eastern, nearly a quarter-century ago. In 1978, Shepard won a plum role in Terrence Malick's *Days of Heaven*. The film, shot in southern Alberta, became something of a cult classic. "Back then, I was pretty much saved to death," says Shepard, 56. "I was overwhelmed by the cameras and unwilling to reveal too much about act."

After appearing in nearly 30 films, including *The Right Stuff*, *The Pelican Brief* and *Crown of Thorns*, Shepard is much more comfortable now on a film set. But he still considers most screenwriting to be absurd. "Films have become so technical that language has receded into the background," says the author of such acclaimed plays as *True West* and *Buried Child*.

Shepard says that it was the unusual

quality of the script that attracted him to *Wild Geese*, which is set in 1919 on CTV in early 2001. Based on a 1950s western novel by Martha O'Burne, it was adapted for television by Suzanne Coonan (*Law & Order*, *Company of Thieves*) and directed by Jimmie Pendarvis (*The Five Second*). Shepard plays Caleb Giese, an aeronautic farmer obsessed with acquiring land who keeps his family in near-poverty.

For Shepard, an avid horseman, an added bonus was the film's western setting. Raised in the American southwest, he now spends much of his time on a 160-hectare ranch in Minnesota with his partner, actress Jennifer Lange, and their two children. Shepard laments the way that urban development is encroaching on traditional ranch country on both sides of the border. "It's even more frightening to see up here because you think Canada is going to sustain some sort of rural integrity," says Shepard. "It's heartbreaking."



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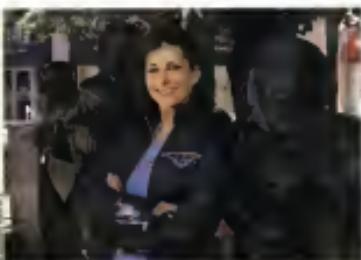
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A mould by Manon

Manon Rheaume is no stranger to breaking new ground—or ice. The trailblazer of women's hockey from Lévis, Quebec, Que., was the first woman to play in a major junior-level hockey game and the first woman to play in the National Hockey League. Now, Rheaume, 25, will tackle the business world. Frustrated with the discomfort women suffer from wearing ill-fitting skates designed for men, Rheaume joined Santa Ana, Calif.-based Mission Hockey and spearheaded its marketing and development of the Betsy Flyweight—a hockey skate meant to fit a woman's foot.

Rheaume, who retired from the Canadian national women's hockey team in July after eight years of leading the team, has helped recruit high-profile players like Hayley Wickenheiser and has advised Mission Hockey on the development of the skates—which feature more ankle support and a higher instep. "I know the frustration of being treated like 'just a girl,'" she says. "Now

I get to give back something to women's hockey." Although she no longer represents Canada, Rheaume still plays women's professional hockey at home in Montreal. But she says that what really keeps her moving is 16-month-old son Dylan. "He's already playing hockey," she says, "hitting his brother across the floor with my curling iron."



Ann Dowsett Johnston

The value of human Velcro

Colin Dodds may be a specialist in entrepreneurial finance, but these days you could swear he was growing his skills in bridge. So does with the new president of Saint Mary's University in Halifax, and take name quickly to mouth. Trump, not as in Donald, but as in many faculty in many departments the academic stars who Dodds needs to hang on to. Just last month Dodds, along with his peers across Canada, authorized the names of lay faculty to the new Canada Research Chair program, making an opening bid for their first batch of candidates in their tenured positions. Dodds was allowed to submit two names, with a strategic plan for each. In making his choices, he looked carefully at his own hand, and put forth a mix in disciplines and in business. Problem is, Dodds has more than two many faculty to keep happy. His gifted astrophysicists thought both chairs should go to astrophysics. Data in business there is at least one valued marketing specialist who will be disappointed by the business bid. And for that reason, Dodds has had to make the neighbouring and relatively niched business: "Is God going to put four of them down in business?" he muses. "I just might if I were in their shoes."

Make no mistake, in academic circles, 'in the season for raising' attracting and retaining strong faculty has become the most urgent issue facing university leaders, both in Canada and abroad. Between now and 2010, Canadian universities need to go in a shopping spree for 30,000 new professors. For that reason, the year's annual concern of the chair program was met with applause. The federal initiative represents an enormous commitment in a gray matter, establishing 2,000 chairs over a five-year period, with \$200,000 allotted for the star researcher positions and \$100,000 for the paper tier.

This was an innovative move, designed to reverse the brain drain. But as always, the devil is in the details. In essence, each chair is a hunting licence for snaring talent. At first, those licences were only in the research-intensive academic chairs were to be allocated in direct correlation to a university's success in attracting funding from the three federal granting councils. The smaller universities cried foul, and as a result, 120 chairs were rechristened as those with less than one per cent of granting-council funding.

This redefinition opened many, but not all. Concordia major Fred Lowy believes that the program will have disastrous, and unintended consequences for Canada—namely,

the reinforcement of a two-tiered system where the rich get richer and the poor get more so. He believes the current rules encourage raiding, will snuff up academic salary levels and have the potential to destroy strong research groups. "Our top people have been offered chairs by other institutions," says Lowy. "This causes us to use our chairs in a protective way."

In the short term, Lowy may be right. Most universities are using their initial chair allotments for retention, protecting their stars from both domestic and international raid. Toronto has used 36 of its first 40 to secure internal candidates. According to Suzanne Fortier, vice-principal academic at Queen's, there has been "a lot of poaching and attacks from other schools." Faculty are filing into her office, saying that they would prefer to stay, but they need some proof of the university's commitment. In other words, show them some money. "And that's the problem," says Fortier. "We have relatively limited resources." Queen's, which is used to being raided by other universities, will use some chairs to retain senior professors, thereby

fining up salary dollars to recruit promising juniors.

To date, only McGill has decided that it will use its full complement of chairs for strategic raiding. This fall, in its first submissions to the chair program, the university included three Americans, three Canadians currently working in the United States, and an Israeli. To alleviate internal disappointment, McGill will match as chairs with an equal number of distinguished professorships, funded at the identical level. Luc Vigneau, vice-principal academic, vows that they will take a "pox-off" approach when it comes to raiding, saying simply: "We will bring guy gold to Montreal." Of course, McGill has the necessary resources to look after its own and hunt internationally. So does the University of British Columbia, to some extent.

The real and intended purpose of the chair program is to build strong clusters of distinctive strength. Any academic researcher who strays there to a position, and the answer is easily money. What is key is the ability to work with other gifted people. Think of it as human Velcro: a brilliant leader makes others stick around. Over time, the Duracell feet of that yes, the rich in this system will get richer. And over time, the number of strong scholars in Canada will grow. By that very fact, the research chair program is certain to have a huge steering effect not only on the future of the educational landscape in Canada, but on the very fabric of the country as well.

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Testing at Vancouver
Providence Margaret
Hospital. *Photo: Roni*

"regular physical examination by qualified personnel may be an option."

Altogether from the start, the ambitious Canadian National Breast Screening Study has generated criticism and controversy. Launched in 1980, the project involved nearly 40,000 women divided into two groups, one for screening by mammograms and physical examinations and the other by physical exams alone, at 15-months. A preliminary follow-up study was widely challenged in 1992 when it found no significant difference in mortality rates between the groups. The latest report reached the same conclusion 12 years after the study period ended: 107 of the women who had mammograms and physical examinations, and 105 of those who only had physical examinations, had died of breast cancer.

The study did find that mammograms were better than physical examinations for early detection of small non-invasive cancer, though that did not appear to affect long-term mortality rates. "We're not saying that mammograms aren't useful," says Dr. Anthony Miller, the University of Toronto researcher who led the study. "The point is, women who have access to high-quality physical breast examinations can choose this option as an alternative to mammography."

Cancer specialists who vehemently challenged the conclusions could flaws in the study that might have skewed the findings. They noted that mammography equipment available in the 1980s was less sensitive than machines currently in use. And they objected that the study used radiologists without mammography training to interpret X-rays.

To beat prostate tumours from breast cancer, says Whyley, women should examine their breasts often, use a physician for regular examinations as well—and have mammograms. Regardless of questions raised by the controversial new study, she adds, "Mammography is still the gold standard. The results of one study can't change that."

Mark Nichols

Health

Mammogram or not?

The X-ray test is valuable, cancer experts say, despite a study raising some doubt

Moira Stilwell does not enjoy having mammography tests that could detect cancer in her breasts. "They're physically uncomfortable," she says, "and every time I go through a list of what-if's worrying about maybe finding out I have breast cancer." Stilwell, 46, a physician herself and co-director of the breast health program at the British Columbia Women's Hospital in Vancouver, has never had breast cancer. Yet once a year, she sees male her incubations and allows her breasts to be flattened between plastic plates and exposed to low-dose X-rays. Like many doctors, Stilwell believes mammography combined with physical examination is the best way to detect early evidence of breast cancer, a disease that this year will kill an estimated 5,500 Canadian women. Breast cancer mortality rates in Canada and some other countries have been declining—and many experts think increased use of mammography is one of the reasons. "I urge women to have mammograms," says Stilwell. "I can't think of any good reason why more women shouldn't."

This was not the message cancer specialists warn women to hear. "We don't want women to think that just because a doctor uses his hands over their breasts for a minute or two she doesn't need a mammogram," says Dr. David Baynes, a Halifax oncologist. The main reason that should be drawn from the study, says Dr. Barbara Whyley, the Canadian Cancer Society's medical affairs director, is that for women who don't have access to mammography or find the test too painful,



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Television

Coroner's Court

Nicholas Campbell makes *Da Vinci's Inquest* a hit

By Chris Wood

A thin figure in unpressed khakis and a leather jacket waits near the clubhouse door at Hastings Park, the venerable Vancouver horse track. He sits on a green bench in the September sun, head bent over the racing form. The track is quiet on a midweek morning, but not inactive. Inside, a score of horseplayers hover between the betting windows and TV screens covering the action at Belmont and Woodbine. Out in the sun, the thin guy lights a Camel. Breathing out, Nicholas Campbell reflects on the parallels between the buckranch and his job. "The actor I admire," he says, "all have an understanding of what disappointment is about."

The use of *Da Vinci's Inquest*, which returns to CBC on Oct. 4, knows about disappointment. So does his character in the series coroner Dominic Da Vinci. But the 48-year-old series is celebrating these days. And if his on-screen alter ego isn't exactly popping champagne corks, he does seem to be mellowing a bit as the series enters its third season as Canadian hit, with the audience occasionally surpassing one million. Praised by critics, the show is seen in more than 40 countries. Last year, *Da Vinci* won a Gemini Award for best drama series. Late last week, it collected 10 more Gemini

nominations—more than any other show—including one for best dramatic series. Campbell and fellow cast members Donald Sutherland and Ian Tracey were also nominated, for best actor in a dramatic series.

Campbell's layered portrayal of the impetuous, flawed Da Vinci is largely responsible for the show's success. But Campbell says the credit should go to series creator Chris Hadfield, who conceived the part with the actor in mind. "I never thought I'd see that in Canada," Campbell confides. "There's a high level of production, a high level of intelligence and people are watching at home. It's every actor's dream."

Season three brings some changes to *Da Vinci*. Sean June Redmond joins the cast as Sgt. Shelly Kurn, who takes over the homicide unit after her predecessor's suicide. And Had-

Walsh (left),
Campbell, Shalita
Matthews—
screencap stills

dock says he and the show's other writers have "tried to add an additional story line in each episode." But *Da Vinci* will remain rooted in his beloved Vancouver. Hardlock creates the porcine, with its apparent formality, global crime and public market in human degradation, almost as an addendum to his talented ensemble cast. And *Da Vinci's* fictional world continues to draw inspiration from the real city's bedrooms and back alleys. A vicious assault on a squalid youth only a block from where the production was shooting during its first season return this fall in a story line.

Donor: *Da Vinci*, meanwhile, has learned a thing or two through the episodes—rare for a disaster in series television. "I don't think he would have survived in this job had he been consistently the way he was in the first year," Campbell says. "He was drinking and saying he wanted. He was handing people really rough." In episodes now being shot, *Da Vinci's* drinking is more controlled. "We're not dramatizing it, which is much more interesting for me," the actor adds. "I can bring it into play without having to state it." Overall, he says, "there is a maturity to how there work. Maybe a patience."

Friends are some of the same new confidence in Campbell's life. And they credit much of it to the unusual combination of professional satisfaction and stable employment he has found on *Da Vinci*. Despite more than 40 starring movie and TV credits over a quarter of a century, Campbell has often struggled for respect in his craft. Early in his career, what he calls "pretty-boy" looks undercut the quality of his acting in films like *The Answer* and *The Once*. By the late 1980s, Campbell was starring in *Divorce* (a Canadian-made *Mind Games* knockoff), appearing in Hollywood productions like *The Invaders* (a mini-series about the Kerneray) and good looks undercut the quality of his acting in films like *The Answer* and *The Once*. By the late 1980s, Campbell was starring in *Divorce* (a Canadian-made *Mind Games* knockoff), appearing in Hollywood productions like *The Invaders* (a mini-series about the Kerneray) and

The actor was once known as a die-hard partyer with an explosive temper

working regularly for home-movie David Cronenberg. In the past decade, Campbell has stepped behind the camera to direct two films that reflect his own interests: *Stopping RSS*—*Red X*, a documentary about record-hunting reggae artist Peter Tosh, which Campbell also wrote, and *Barbers*, a farce steeped in after-hours Toronto, both found some critical acclaim. But neither proved bolts at the box office. Campbell now has a development deal with CBC for a film set in the horse world.

Even as he accumulated credits, Campbell was making another kind of name for himself—as a die-hard partyer with an explosive temper. Graylynn Walsh, who plays pathologist (and ex-wife) Patricia Da Vinci on the CBC series, appeared with Campbell on a *Damned* episode. "There's no doubt he was burning the candle at both ends back then," she says



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Haddock (left) and Campbell: "He never scared myself"

uninvited. Reasons with other women have often been murky, fueling the rumour mill: "Everyone believes a woman with a negative story," Campbell says, but goes on to admit, "I've created a few of those." His second marriage, to Canadian Reina Kohayashi, also came apart, but not before the couple had a son, Cole, in 1983. A third alliance, to American fashion designer Frances Abhawala, looked for a while as though it might stick. Campbell moved to Los Angeles, working steadily and helping his wife launch a store on Hollywood's trendy Melrose Avenue. The couple have two sons, Jason and Clayton.

By the mid-'90s, Campbell was touring on California and marriage both. "I didn't really like the situation there anymore," he says. "The desperation around the television business." In 1996, he came home to Toronto. Throughout all the moves, the marriage and the morning calls to the set, one thing has been a constant: Campbell's naked passion for his craft. It is that quality—not personal commitment—say friends, that has beneath his reputation for on-set blowups. Haddock, who started his spats as a screenwriter on *Die Hard*, recalls how "Nick used to stalk into the writing office at every opportunity, to try to get early drafts of scripts. He thought it was striking, held in by how little he knew about it."

He's also been known to rewrite his lines on the fly. Filming *New Waterford Girl* with then-18-year-old acting sensation Liane Balaban last year, Campbell wandered off the set quite often that day as Alias' Moyle tried to recruit him. Balaban recalls the film-maker admiring his son and former L.A. roommate. "Nick, some of the lines in the script are good, too," Campbell admits he's "acting" about his business. "I'm not going to look at this in 10 years and say, 'I wish I had the prop guy a little bit,'" he says. "And if you're going to shoot right now, and you don't listen to me when I say it now, well, it's going to come out but not so nice." Among other actors, Campbell's nature inspires respect, says Balaban. "It helps when Nicholas is a little bit carefree." More than once on the *New Waterford* set, Campbell earned the low-murky repair of a glaring shortcoming in a scene. "Nobody else had it in," Campbell recalls, "but Nick was the only one who had the courage to speak up."

There has been less of that on *Die Hard*. When for the show, say Campbell, usually stays "in script." He returns credit for that to Haddock and company. "This show was good," Campbell says. "I can back off a lot of things. I used to torture myself over, 'But he has also worked in recent years to contain his temper, once so harsh that he wondered if he might be a 'hangar-holic.'"

Those closer to him talk more about Campbell's unso-



suming generosity and talent than his temper. "He's not narcissistic at all," reveals Abhawala, whom the actor is separated but not divorced. "This gold watch fell off, he wouldn't look for it." Says Rhodes, who plays western he-macock Cap-Lee Shannon on the show (its 13th season). "He's a great mentor to the players who come in, goes over, thanks them."

Campbell's acting is an arachnid, his colleagues say in urgent on-the-shoulder. "He knocked me off guard a couple of times," says Ian Tracey (desertive Mike Levy), whose own 25-year career in front of the cameras began at 11. "I thought, 'Are we at the acetate? No, we're in it even deeper.'" Adds White: "I love working with him. He's generally playing two or three levels at once." As well as artistic joy, *Die Hard* has brought Campbell a new stability, which is helping him strained relations with his family. All three of his sons spent the summer with him in Vancouver, frequently joining their father on set. On days off, the four sometimes pulled together a soccer game with Tracey and Rhodes—two single fathers—and their sons. Reflects Campbell: "Without this show, I don't know if I would have had such access to my own family."

Friends, too, have noticed a change. "I think this role has jolted things for him," offers Rhodes. "Not only as an actor, but as a person. He's grown tremendously." Even his more recent or concealed the evolution. Abhawala remembers Campbell in a recent visit. "Very intelligent, great dad... wild... messy." But lastly she agrees, "he's becoming, more sensible."

As amiable as a homeplayer ever gets, leaning back on the green-painted wood in the pair suit, Campbell expands on what these movies are like home, what you win on the first race disappears on the next. There is that embracing, ephemeral sense of "family" that develops around a film or television crew. "It's the same on the backlot." A temporary family, fully aware it is doomed to disperse at the end of the run, the end of the season. "There's an addiction to the sadness of it," the actor says. "Kind of like the junkie falling in love with the fit, instead of the fo." For a moment, the actor is the consumer in the room, intensely separated with disengagement, but invicting the women's circle while it lasts.

Inn-spired



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A Weekend with singer
and Book Reading
In concert Saturday
afternoon. Then reading
and discussion with
Clancy Blair, in
Sunday morning.



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A Weekend of Reading
and Discussion
In concert Saturday
afternoon. Then reading
and discussion with
Jim Trebilcot, in
Sunday morning.



May 1-3, 2001
A Weekend of Reading
and Discussion
In concert Saturday
afternoon. Then reading
and discussion with
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Canadian publisher Anna Porter talks to Maclean's Senior Writer Robert Sheppard about her childhood in postwar Hungary

Anna's Journey

The author is squirming in her chair, fidgeting with an elastic band like a schoolgirl kept after class. On any other platform, Anna Porter is clearly the one in charge. The woman who jetted through the ranks of Canada's book world like a rocket—from Jack McClelland's right-hand lady in the 1970s to the undisputed boss of her own savvy publishing house, Key Porter Books—has an enviable life. The darling of international book fairs. Pals (her word) with the

fax crowd of Canadian writers Margaret Atwood, Peter Gzowski, Alan Fotheringham. The iconic half-life storybook marriage to Toronto lawyer Julian Rotter, an Ontario blue blood with a refined sense of the absurd. That along the way she has found time to now off three mystery novels and raise two daughters in modest proximity to an energy level that borders on the down.

But it is Anna Porter's after life that is under the microscope now. She has just written *The Storyteller: Memory, Stories, Magic and Love*, a memoir of her childhood and the 500-year story of her family compressed into the insulation that is postwar Hungary, retelling from the Nazis to the Communists—relyrically a far cry from the safe confines of the mystery genre. And so the Edgars, grandly, her famous itchy-toes regard and self-effacing. "I'm finding it quite hard to talk about this book," Rotter says, "it's very personal. And I've managed to avoid talking about personal things for a great many years. Even Julian was surprised at some of the stories that have emerged."

Land's end! Porter's own story is quite fantastic. Born in the later stages of the Second World War, while the Allies were bombing Budapest, she knew the rich velvet life of the Vienna-style coffee houses and the grim reality of the people—Jews during the war and then fugitives from the Communists—who hid in her basement to escape the authorities. She was 12 or 13 at the time of the Hungarian Revolution in October, 1956 (she is deliberately vague about her age—sofie has been a novelist too (even, maybe especially in the world of publishing). And she narrated the terms of the revolution with an overacted rife, shooting in Russia. Did she actually aim at anyone? "Oh yes." The answer is immediate, her eyes almost flashing with excitement. "Whether I succeeded or



EXCERPT

Of all the stories, I think he was proudest of his prowess with the sword. He had been, arguably, the best sword fighter in Budapest. His dark hair was mostly fought in the early hours, at five or six in the morning, somewhere in a park where you could barely see your opponent in the dawn fog. Yet a crowd gathered when Vilj Rák fought. No one in my house liked to talk about his grandfather's skills. "It's because they were all about war," his brother Béla told me.



Porter: she fled at 16 to Canada during the Hungarian Revolution

left by the roadside. The three ran climbed back into their truck, still laughing at her bourgeoisie ways. It seemed, they said later, that even Leó's Rák had understood the new spirit of liberating. They had adored their sprout brandy in a sweater for her office and that was all they had. Afterward it was her turn to share.

I had just started school in 1950 and already knew that "bougeois" was a bad word, almost as bad as *szlávok* (Slavs). When my grandfather took me to see Leó in the hospital, his feet hammered the hard-shoved floors in the all-white corridor, the tiny bottles on nurses' carts shaking with him every step. I had never seen him angry before than day. At her bedside, he took her shattered face between his large hands as gently as if he were holding an injured bird. Some weeks later, when Leó was home again, she told me that her father had run two of her sisters through with his 1908 Olympic sword. The third one he drew out of the window of his second-story apartment.

Are these stories true? Porter shrugs, it almost doesn't matter. They are the stories the owners have, their mother and aunts remember, though she acknowledges that each recalls things a little differently. Not to worry. These are the stories that sustain a family, as they totter countless others whose lives have been torn apart by war and emigration. The Rák family stories sustained Leó, the belle of the ball in the 1930s, through eight Nazi invasions and a lifetime of romance. They sustained Anna and her mother, Puci (Anna's father had disappeared after the war), while on a Russian detention camp on their way to following Vilj and his wife, Therese, to New Zealand. This was in the immediate aftermath of the 1956 uprising, the last of the family wealth having been spent on liberty. And they nourished a lifetime fear of tyranny, whatever its form, and even here, says Porter, in peaceful Canada.

In 1957, she attempted to enlist in the Israeli army at the start of the Six-Day War—but she is not Jewish—and made it as far as Athens before she was rejected. The Ráks were somehow unimpressed with her ability to fire

(Anna's father had disappeared after the war), while on a Russian detention camp on their way to following Vilj and his wife, Therese, to New Zealand. This was in the immediate aftermath of the 1956 uprising, the last of the family wealth having been spent on liberty. And they nourished a lifetime fear of tyranny, whatever its form, and even here, says Porter, in peaceful Canada.

The memoir is dominated by her grandfather, a raconteur, Olympic athlete, publisher, magician

4 gun. Instead, an English graduate with a degree from the University of Canterbury in New Zealand, she immigrated to Canada in 1968 (after a brief stop in London), and fell in love with the writings of Margaret Laurence and Leonard Cohen, and soon after, the crazy can-do attitude at McClelland & Stewart. There, happy warrior Jack McClelland was busy bluffing his way through insolvency and other business miseries, a kind of Canadian Vit. But he won her over with his demands.

— EXCERPT —

In the beginning, my mother said, there were only two couples in the basement. One man was a journalist who had worked at one of Vit's magazines. The other had owned a small factory; he had been a Seventh Husar with Vit during the First World War, and Vit and the man had lived heroically. The two women had been society belles. Now they fought over who would get the corner bed where a sliver of light fell in the evenings through a grate that opened to the garden. They had brought their jewelry in identical mahogany boxes, and they argued over which of them had been the first to buy one and who had spent it in the other's bedroom. The men were quiet. The women talked too much. They were all frightened.

In late summer of 1944, Vit arrived home with another small group of people he had picked up as they were marched towards the Eastern Railway Station. They were being collected for a work camp in the East or for Auschwitz. Somehow, Vit had bluffed his way into the long, silent train of men, women and children and insisted he needed an immediate work detail for a lonely shelter for Arrow Cross [the Hungarian version of the Nazi party] families. "Little men," Vit told me, "used to take orders are usually intimidated by loud, commanding voices of larger men. But you have to pack your men carefully."



Anna Porter, too, has picked her targets carefully. The most common criticism of Key Porter Books, the company she co-founded in 1980 with magazine publisher Michael de Pinsar, is that it makes money. In other words, it is too cautious for the adventurous world of book publishing. Porter doesn't dispute that. With roughly \$10 million a year in revenues, Key Porter has a large number of financial hew-and-saw other steady-eddy money-savers in its stable. When hockey great Wayne Gretzky retired a year ago—and Porter returned home to find husband Julian "blabbering," as she describes it, in front of the television—her firm was the first to race around a quickie Gretzky tribute to capitalize on the emotion of the moment. There is a place and a Porter, a friend says. Part of her reason to be respected for publishing serious titles



Anna and Vit; Leah (top); Vit the athlete around 1910 (right); in-fidelity, rape, infatuation, violence, infatuation, exile—and the source of stories

and another just wants to stick it to the boys and show she can make money. Her "lousy" bad year, she stresses, was when a new Ontario government changed its grant structure four years ago and she had to sell a minority interest to rival publisher Jack Stoddart.

In recent years, however, there has been noticeably more fiction on the Key Porter list, more high-end drink books, like the personalized histories of Europe by University of Toronto historian Madina Hassan, and more awe-the-earth environmental editions, a hobby house of the publisher. Now, she says, she wants to give up the day-to-day reins of running a publishing firm "by the end of this year" and concentrate more on the manuscripts and her own writing. She has said this before. This time, she says, the reason is Vit had wanted her to be a poet—a wannabe poet, no doubt—but it is too hard, Porter says, to write poetry in a second language. Carrying Vit's suitcase of stories to a new land and displaying its contents for strangers to pore over may have taken its psychological toll, but a door appears to have opened a new door. "I really do feel," says Porter, the rubber band stretched almost to breaking point, "that I have more stories to tell."

— EXCERPT —

The piano tuner's daughter asked if I could help her carry buckets of soapy, slippery water and splash them over the street. "The [Soviet] tanks will be coming this way," she explained. Also helped me, and later so did the doctors' sons. Alice had thought we're infertile. When the tanks came



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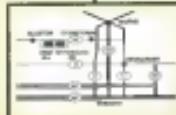
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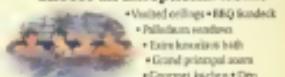
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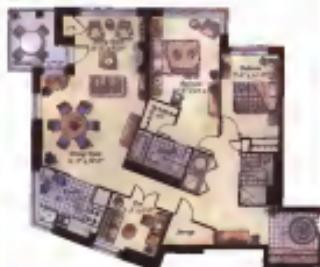


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HOME AT LAST

Books

they did stand on the wet paving stones, hot, the sidewalk sideways, bounced back and dashed to a halt. They were like these grey bags, checking the surroundings with their antennae. In the late afternoon, one of my classmates, a girl called Zsuzsa whose one distinction was that she could sweep as well as the men in the ice cream, came striding across with a bouquet of red and white flowers, wave straight to the nearest tank, ignored its swivelling in her direction and placed the flowers into its name. Everyone applauded. It wasn't until the next day that the tanks began to fire.

Zsuzsa, Alice and I were coming out of Gari-baldi Street, carrying vanilla ice cream from a street vendor who was giving it away. There was still a carnival feel to the day. It had even stopped raining. Suddenly, there was the sound of machine-guns, louder and faster than the popping of the single shots the night before. When the shooting began, people behind us pushed forward into the receding crowd. No one believed that soldiers were firing. "The army is ours," someone said. Looking up in where I thought the sound was louder, I saw two men in khaki uniforms on the roof of another government building, the rapid cut-cut-cut of their guns sweeping the street from side to side. The sound of sirens now混合 with the cut-cut-cut. There were arrested bursts, some with white ambulances, others wearing white coats. Tanks came hurtling down the Szabóhegy Embankment. A boy with cropped hair, who looked vaguely familiar, shouted for us to duck behind one of the old chestnut trees. "Watch out for the machine-guns in the back," he yelled. The guns were swivelling quickly, firing short bursts at the lower windows.

The boy opened a sack he carried over his shoulder and handed Zsuzsa and me berries with paper cups. His fingers were sooty. "Here," he said. "You light the cork and eat it at the tanks. They go up like big, whookey firecrackers. You got matches?" I didn't. "You can have this," he said. "I'll use my mom's lighter. Now watch," and he ran out next to a racing tank, tossed the berrie aside, then he raced back. "Mine!" he yelled to the machine-guns, target swivelling now. I pulled Zsuzsa down next to me. Fury splintered over our faces and hands. We were lying flat on the ground, our cheeks on the wet pavement. There were soggy cigarette butts under my lips. The boy sprang up and shouted something, then flopped on his belly beside me. The tanks corrected past the corner and rumble down the next street.

I got to my knees. Zsuzsa was already standing. Only the boy remained lying down behind the tree, his face turned to us, his eyes open. "We're going now," I told him. There were five or six more bottles leaning against the tree. "We could maybe take one," I suggested, to appease him. "Perhaps this



Resistance fighters in 1956 Budapest
fights bid in the author's basement

will be more raids along the way." He didn't move. I prodded him with the toe of my shoe. He still didn't move. "Here," Zsuzsa shouted to a woman in a white coat. "Will you please look at him?" It was so quiet now that Zsuzsa's voice rang out loud as a school bell. I could hear a crow up in the tree over our heads. When the woman reached us she bent over the boy, lifted his arms and turned him over on his back. "He is dead," she said.

I don't remember how I went home, nor even which screens I had to avoid. And I don't remember when Zsuzsa said goodbye or whether she ever did. But I was alone when I stopped at the piano room's apartment and asked if I could clean up before I went upstairs. He shook his head with disapproval but he let me in anyway. He didn't ask whose blood had stained my clothes. He was using his

As a publisher, Porter balances a commitment to serious titles with a pirate side focused on making money

own piano, his eyes fixed on the keys. I washed my shirt in his bathtub, but when his daughter saw me she gave me one of her learned swimmers.

I noticed that they had moved the grand piano to the back, now his kitchen, away from the windows. "My father," she said. "You had memories from the war. He heard the sound of gunfire. The Russians used his family for target practice." She took a glass of strawberry juice and sat near the window, listening to her father's scales.

I was tired. I crawled up to the fourth floor and waited outside Alice's door until I heard her voice inside telling her mother we had been playing in the cellar all day. Then I went home. That was the day, she said later, that the real revolution began. Until then, it was just an uprising. ■

A finger on the musical pulse

Like her or not, it's hard to avoid Madonna, who receives more media exposure than most world leaders. And naturally, a new recording only adds to the onslaught. So why bother to review *Music*, her 16th studio album? Because Madonna will generate cutting-edge sounds destined to become part of the pop lexicon.

Produced by France's Mirwais Abboud and Britain's William Orbit, the man behind 1996's *Ray of Light*, Madonna's latest is a shattering return to her disco roots. And some of the lyrics are downright silly (Japanese accents? "I like to sing, sing, sing, like a bird on a wing, wing, wing"). But there's an adventurous quality to the



The artist still generates cutting-edge sounds

album, from the otherworldly studio effects applied to Madonna's voice to the ear-splitting echoey sobs to the瓦尔特·拉扎尔的 *Madonna's Voice* (and some of the lyrics are downright silly (Japanese accents? "I like to sing, sing, sing, like a bird on a wing, wing, wing"). But there's an adventurous quality to the

Nicholas Jennings

Spinning laughs

In these fame-obessed times, even publishers are getting a TV show of their own: *PR*, a new CBC comedy series making its debut on Oct. 2, follows the over-the-top antics of three women as they scramble to keep a public relations firm afloat. Comedian Diane Flack co-wrote the series and also stars as the chief, uh, flack. Co-starring Elle Macpherson and stage-screen veteran Fiona Reid, *PR* taps the same vein of obnoxious personalities as *Absolutely Fabulous*. But unlike the gloriously degenerate characters of that cult hit, these women seem merely silly and the scenes infrequently strain for jokes. In one episode, Flack's character uses blackmail to get her has-been client on a talk show, threatening to expose the fact that she hasn't had sex in three years at a crosswalk. In another, she agrees to accompany repeatedly bad Reid's character on the head with a joy-killer. This *PR* could have used a visit from the spin doctor.

Samuel Oh



Black and
Harmless silly

The separatist version

Who better to review the French translation of Marceline Richter's novel *Barney's Version* than the author's political nemesis? That was clearly the devious thinking at Montreal's *Le Presse* newspaper, which asked Louise Beaudoin to read *Le Monde* of *Barney* over the summer. Beaudoin is the Parti Québécois minister responsible for Québec's French-language charter, while Richter is a vociferous critic of Québécois language policy. But Beaudoin's verdict on the novel, pub-

lished in French last year, might surprise Richter. "I was really entertained," she told *Le Presse*. "It's written with as much humour and self-deprecating" Still, Beaudoin called the Montreal office of the Parisian publisher Les Editions Alain Michel to protest some of the French translations, such as Maurice Richard being referred to as "le foetus" instead of "le foetus," the term used by francophones. As for the man who penned the book, Beaudoin declared: "Montreal Richter is a great Québécois writer, whether he likes that or not."



He's got Bette Davis eyes

The 1977 cult film *Outrageous* helped to make drag queen a pop phenomenon. Starring Toronto's Craig Russell (who died in 1990), it features impersonations of such icons as Marilyn Monroe and Mae West. Now the Canadian Stage Company is kicking off its season (on Sept. 28) with a musical version of *Outrageous*, created by singer playwright Brad Fraser and composer

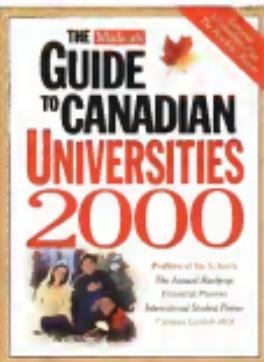
Joey Miller. But this time, African-American legends like Bette Davis have been added to the mix.

That's because black performer Thom Allison, 38, is playing the lead. "It happened by fluke," says the Winnipeg native Allison had a minor part with him in the lead during a public workshop and brought the house down. The actor saw *Outrageous* at the age of 10. "I thought it was so cool. Now, I feel blessed—Craig Russell started my impersonating in the first place."



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Entertainment Notes

Talking with the dead

In recent decades, the greatest advances in Egyptology have come from applying modern medicine to ancient mummies. Scientists like Roulleau-David, co-author with Ruth Achée-Bell of *Conservation with Mummies* (HarperCollins), have used CAT scans, X-rays and DNA testing on thousands of preserved bodies. The research, much of which was done in Togoro with Royal Ontario Museum mummies, has led to remarkably precise personal details. In 1994, the ROM subjected to a 3,000-year-old sealed coffin containing the princess Djedheresneith to a four-hour CAT scan. The results not only showed who killed her—a massive, spiraling dental abscess—but reconstructed her face, yielding a vivid image of a beautiful woman.



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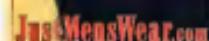


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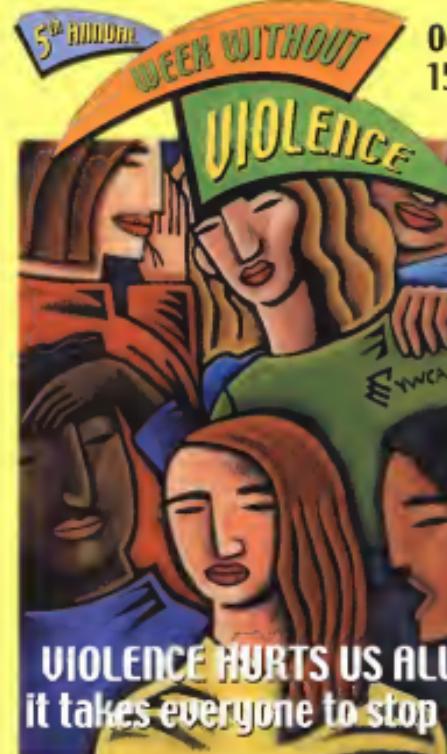
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October
15th - 21st
2000



They are bolder Down Under

As part of a mispent youth, this scallywag wasted some years wandering around Europe, chasing Bavarian millermaids and attempting to avoid honest work. One thing became very evident immediately, in observing the youth-hostel and backpack crowd, from Finland all the way down to Morocco.

There were, encountered on the scruffy routes, tons of backpacking, Swedes, And Danes, And Germans. A fair number of Canadians, too (waving their flag on their packs), and Americans—but most of all, the mobs of Aussies and Kiwis who seemed to think that was just as ordinary as going down to the corner store for an illegal smoke.

(The one missing nationality, as an aside, were the French. Never to be encountered. When I got to Paris, being an innocent, I inquired why. Meaning, why not? The answer, being typically French, was that they had everything—best food, best wine, best climate, best culture—why would they want to stay elsewhere? You can never argue with the French. I digress.)

What was most intriguing, however, were all those Aussies and Kiwis. At a certain age, it was a rite of passage for those young people stuck underneath the bottom of the globe to go to, and soon, the London and Paris and Rome they had only read about.

And now the world has come to the Aussies. To an outsider struck here Down Under observing the blessed Olympic Games, the phenomenon of the Australian personality is reinforcing, once again. Australians have learned their lessons from Canada, but they are bolder—and at these Games, stronger and faster. They do have the advantage—as opposed to Canadians—of being completely isolated. Busted by convicts shipped out from England, which didn't



want all those home deviants and pickpockets; they have evolved into a nation that has a natural chip on its shoulder matched with a "fair dinkum" philosophy that can best be described as having a "fair go"—the national slogan being, honest with your adversary.

(Who's the Canadian dogger? "Why did the Canadian cross the road? To get to the middle," I digress.)

The country is a strange contradiction. Which is understandable, being a white-man's country in a brown/yellow-skinned world with three of the world's five most populous nations—China, India and Indonesia—looking hungrily at all this country's empty spaces, with a full 90 per cent of

Friesian working her 400-m heat; a national effort to develop future stars

its population squeezed into just five cities on its green and fertile coast: Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide and Perth. It is nearly the most urbanized population on the globe—representing even Canada.

Jane Kennedy, a Sydney TV producer—she is almost as smart as her father, Tom, an academic who wrote 14 novels before he lay down with his Schneider-Lotus—turned into a movie sensation—much about how Canada, as opposed to Australia, has three "stage" problems that impede its progress to the chipper personality that her country so enjoys. Canada has, she explains, an leftover unashamed-cold problem with Britain and the Crown that it can't or doesn't have the courage yet to cut; an pent-up-envy problem with the Yanks over the border; and, to top it all off, the France-Quebec problem still troubling it in the year 2000, while Australia excels in the world section that a Crocodile Dundee culture can actually recruit that stunning opening ceremony that shared all others.

Hanging over all that spectacular opening ceremony, with track star Cathy Freeman lighting the dancing Olympic flame, is the problem Australians have dealing with all their Aboriginal people. Just as Canada is stuck with its guilt complex about our dealings with those who were there before we arrived.

The man can tell clear. Aboriginals are likely to die 20 years earlier than other Australians. Outside war zone or forcing conditions, Aboriginals are one of the rare groups of people in the world whose life expectancy has not risen during the past 15 years. Aboriginal babies are over as likely as other babies to die at birth.

Only 16 per cent of Aboriginals complete education past secondary school. One in three prisoners is Aboriginal. About 25 per cent of Aboriginals are totally dependent on welfare. And so on.

It is, of course, similar in Canada. The percentages—only two per cent of Australia's population of 19 million—are almost the same as in Canada (2.8 per cent).

Canadians don't like to acknowledge that they have a problem.

The Aussies do—but they nervously don't know how to deal with it.

The press here, of course, go bananas when Cathy Freeman, who happens to be an Aboriginal and was the star hope for an Aussie gold medal on the track, is selected to light the Olympic flame. Australia, in the middle of its final heat—*one of the papers called it swimming gold-medal marath-*



happens to be struggling mightily without pull over in my ancestry but like Canada.

Canada wriggles in embarrassment over leftover apologies to the Japanese released in war law great war (including David Suzuki) and his paternal and even new emoting status of Louis Riel. Australia's prime minister is in a state of nervous titters over the demands of a man "apology" to the Aboriginals who once were harnessed down and shot like deer (as were, now that we think about it, the Beothuks in Newfoundland).

Prime Minister John Howard, shifting nervously in his unadorned, allows that he will go along with the "reconciliation"—the code word for apology-but-not-actually—with Carly's Inuitards people. But he will not allow the sacred word "apology" to cross his pristine lips.

Australia, in truth, owes a debt to Canada in another area. Those high jocks in the know admit that the 1976 Olympics in Montreal taught them a lesson. While Jean Draper insisted, in his celebrated phrase, that his Games could no more rescue a deficit than a man could have a baby, the strangely lug Ausies came out of Montreal with only a silver and four bronze, lonely medals. The shocked and chastened Australians then created not only a national sports institute but similar facilities in each individual state—plucking our prettiest young ones, such as Patrick Rafter who, despite his loss to Canada's Daniel Nestor last week, is the

best tennis player in the world.

And yet, as in all host countries, with outsiders looking over their backs, there is a sobering shell assessment. Australians are one thing, but the troubling situation is more serious. A travelling scabeller had thought—had hoped—that the new world city Sydney would be there. Alas, the tourism is reminiscent of what transpired with the Winter Games in Calgary, not exactly regarded as a world-level orgy.

This is to say that two very well-regarded newspapers, *The Sydney Morning Herald* and *The Australian*, are indulging in blushing front-page organs about their own lads that would make even William Randolph Hearst somewhat appalled.

And then there is the great republican debate and the Queen's decision to stay away from these Games. It is obvious in any well-meaning yank knows that Ottawa in its nervous reverberations knows that Canada will cut off the ridiculous umbilical link with Buckingham Palace.

The lambs at least have the guts to put the process into motion. *Chicken Canada* only watches on the sidelines. Balder, stronger, fairer.



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